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Rutland, the real author of the Shakespe



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PRICE 50 CENTS

RUTLAND



THE REAL AUTHOR
OF THE
SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS

FAIRCHILD CO., PUBLISHERS, 112 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK.



Pembroke



Bacon.



Jonson.



Southampton.

ROGER OF RUTLAND.

A Drama in Four Acts.

BY LEWIS F. BOSTELMANN.

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ALL the circumstances attending the life of Roger Manners, Fifth Earl of Rutland, lead to but one conclusion, and that is, that he, and no other, is the author of the plays, sonnets and poems known as Shake-Speare's.

Roger Manners was born on October 6, 1576, in the ancestral Castle of Belvoir, near Grantham, in Rutlandshire.

On the death of his father in February (21st), 1588, Roger succeeded to the title and estates, becoming the Fifth Earl of Rutland. Entering Corpus Christi, Cambridge, his innate genius brought forth in 1593 his "Venus and Adonis," which he dedicated to his intimate friend, Henry Wriothesley (Earl of Southampton), whose birthday fell upon the same day upon which Roger saw the light, October 6, 1573. Southampton was therefore exactly three years his senior. In 1549 Rutland, highly pleased with his first success, dedicated to his friend his second production, "The Rape of Lucrece."

On February 29, 1595, Rutland received his M. A. from Cambridge; immediately started for the Continent and was soon entered at the University of Padua.

Early in 1596 Rutland accompanied Essex (Robert Devereux) on his expedition to the Azores. The fleet being scattered by a severe tempest, he returned to England.

In 1598 Rutland entered Grays Inn. This year he also crossed over to Holland and joined the Duke of Northumberland at his headquarters there.

Returning from Holland, he married, 1599, Elizabeth, the daughter

of Sir Philip Sidney, who brought him a rich dowry in MSS. of her celebrated father.

Essex married the mother of Lady Elizabeth, thus becoming the stepfather-in-law of Rutland.

In April Rutland was appointed Colonel of Foot and joined his regiment with Essex in Ireland. In May he was knighted by Essex. Returning from Ireland, he received on July 10 his M. A. from Oxford.

On July 14, 1600, Rutland was appointed steward of Nottingham and to various other similar honorary positions by Queen Elizabeth.

February 8, 1601, brought much trouble to Rutland. "Sword in hand he rushed" at the side of Essex and Southampton to chastise the gold-laced courtiers festering at the footstool of good Queen Bess.

He landed in the Tower; his vast estates were confiscated and he was fined £30,000.

In 1603, on the accession of James I, he was released, his fine remitted and his estates restored.

The King visited Belvoir on June 9, this year, and heaped additional honors upon Rutland. On June 23 James sent him to Denmark to represent His Majesty at the christening of the daughter of Christian IV. The following year Rutland retired to his estates and remained there.

The years 1610 and 1611, Rutland occupied himself with revising old plays.

In 1612 Rutland put the final touches to his "Tempest," and, to the wonder, surprise and consternation of his family and friends, ended his earthly career on the 26th day of June, and Lady Rutland followed him to the grave within a few days, aged 27 years.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Roger, fifth Earl of Rutland, the author of "Shake-Speare's" Works.
Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, intimate friend of Rutland.
Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, father-in-law of Rutland—Queen's favorite.
Wm. Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, cousin to Rutland's wife—formerly Lady Sidney.
Ph. James Herbert, Earl of Montgomery, cousin to Rutland's wife—formerly Lady Sidney.

Francis Bacon, Queen's councillor.
Lord Sidney, a courtier (Queen's spy).
William Shaxper, actor, dummy for Rutland—on account name "William Shaxper" of Stratford-on-Avon.

Burbage
Heminge } Proprietors Blackfriars' Theater.
Condell

Ben Jonson, author friend to Shaxper.
Lady Vernon, cousin to Essex—afterward wife of Southampton.
Lady Sidney, stepdaughter to Essex—afterward wife of Rutland.
Queen Elizabeth of England.
King James I. of England.—Two stable boys.
Courtiers, keepers, messengers, people, actors for by-plays, ladies, maids, etc.—
Fallas (a statue).



King James I.



Queen Elizabeth.

Signature of Roger, Fifth Earl of Rutland.

ROGER OF RUTLAND

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

By LEWIS F. BOSTELMANN

ACT I.

SCENE I Room in Earl Southampton's House.

Enter Attendant with Sir Francis Bacon.

Attendant: The Earl of Rutland hath but now arrived,
Sir Francis, and will be here anon,
My lord Southampton who is with him now
Is overjoyed at the young Earl's arrival.

Bacon: 'Tis well, I'll rest me here awhile.
Your master and the Earl know of my coming.
And will not keep me waiting over long.
But, hark! I hear their voices even now,
And by the sound would judge their near approach.

Attendant: 'Tis they, Sir Francis, now coming up the path.

Enter Rutland and Southampton.

Rutland: Well met, Sir Francis, did you tarry long?

Bacon: Nay, nay, and if I did, milord, the pleasure
Of anticipation cheers the heart.

Southampton: Well said, good master, so it was with me
These past three weeks seemed but as many
days
And, now, since time is precious, let's to work
And see how we can blanket this young scape-
grace
Who still insists his muse must issue forth
To startle mankind with its genius.

Rutland: If flattery could affect me, Wriothesly
Unworthy were my muse of thy good words
For well I know, the heart from which it
springs
Must be oblivious to flattery.

Bacon: Well put, fair Rutland, pure must be the heart
To give undying vigor to its speech.
I did peruse your Venus and Adonis
And eke Lucrecia and her woeful plight.

Rutland: (interrupting)
Nay, good, my master, 'twas my first attempt
And though the copy is without a blot
The subject could stand mending,
And I most humbly, Wriothesly, beg pardon
For dedicating such poor stuff to thee,
But, for the fact that 'twas the very best
Within me to bestow, I made it thine,
Feeling thy heart would search the giver—not
the gift."

Southampton: Thou knowest, my Rutland, how aught words of
thine
On paper or by mouth affect my heart,
But jealous am I of the niggard world
And would advise, to shield thee from its breath,
To have the ancient name of Rutland hid
Behind some serviceable nom de plume.

Bacon: Well have I pondered o'er the matter, fair
milords
And reck a pseudonym alone will not suffice,
As our philosophers and critics of the day
Would soon uncover such a thin disguise
And fill the authors ears with damning praise
More apt to suffocate a budding muse
Than nurse development.

Southampton: I did perceive, you rascal, that you have
Signed "William Shake-speare" to your infant
lines.
How came you by that hyphenated nomen?

Rutland: 'Tis simple, I took shelter under Pallas
Goddess of Wisdom, and her pointed spear
Is meant to brandish at the eyes of ignorance!

Bacon: 'Tis fortunate you chose that very name
It will help me in my plans in your affair.

It now remains to fit this happy pseudonym
To some one living who could answer it
Beside, my lord of Rutland.

Southampton: And such a person, have you one in mind?

Bacon: I have, milord, and fortune favors us.
'Tis though Minerva saw the need we had
And with her spear points out the very man,
In life and action so appropriate
That even milord Rutland's chosen goddess
Has fixed the name he bears to suit our cause.

Rutland: Who may this marvel be, good master Bacon?

Southampton: And how conditioned, has he itch of palm?
Pray give us full description of this paragon.

Bacon: I've met the man from knowing his employer,
In body he is stout, of ample girth.
His hair he shingles over miser ears
And grows mustachios with a beard to point.
But lately he has run away from home
To avoid attachment for some deer he stalked
And having mimic force to some extent
Found shelter at Blackfriars where of late
Heminge and Burbage mount the public play.
They've put the man to work to hold the horses
When such as you, milord, go to the show
And when a ghost must walk upon the boards
Or Jack's to say, "Milord the horse is saddled."
They call upon this clod from Warwickshire
To fill the role.

Rutland: A fair description, by my faith, Sir Francis,
A bumpkin such as he to act as father
To any waifs I may in future lay
Into his hands for shelter and protection!

Southampton: Egad, I think myself good master Bacon
'Tis but indifferent timber that you offer
To build a raft to float, my Rutland's muse
But, stay, is there not one redeeming feature?

Bacon: There is, milord, and one I'm sure will win.
The man, though bright, is sans all education;
He has a family at his Stratford home;
His urgent needs make him a bitter master
And love of gold will bend him to your will.

(to Rutland) Since first milord Southampton did advise me
Of your necessity, my noble lord,
I fully measured up this manikin
And saw the justice of my born suspicion
That he, and no one else, would fill your bill
And were all else against the man I found
His name alone should order his selection.

Rutland: What virtue may be in the cognomen
Of such a bumpkin as you have described?

Southampton: Bethink you, Bacon, 'tis the name alone
Will couple Stratford to Lord Rutland's muse!

Bacon: His name is William Shaxper!

Rutland: Shaxper!

Southampton: And William Shaxper, too?

Bacon: Aye, Shaxper, William Shaxper!
Actor and Hostler at the Friars!

Rutland: How came that country bumpkin by that name?

Southampton: Minerva knowing thy necessity
Ages before thy muse was to be born
No doubt affixed the name you chose
To cover your effusions from the world
Upon the ancestor of this poor man!

Bacon: 'Twas even so, an if you will allow
His father once was Councilman at Stratford!

Rutland: 'Tis well and how can we approach this man?

Enter Lord Sidney (unperceived.)

Sidney (aside): Ha, ha, there's something underway! I must
have data for my day's report, to entertain
the Queen. (Hides behind a curtain.)

Bacon: The day is young, despatch a messenger
To Master Burbage on the Surry side
Directing him to send this man I named
Here to this house on pretext that some horses
Be led to the theatre 'gainst to-night.

Southampton: (calling attendant.)
This will we do without delay, good Bacon,
And I will write the message in my name.
(writing.)

Enter Attendant.

Have this dispatched at once to Master Burbage.
And have the person mentioned brought me here.

Exit Attendant.

Bacon: Now there appears to me another matter

(to Rutland) Of grave import to safer secrecy
In future plays you now propose to write,
To better lead a prying world astray.
Endeavor to inject some silly fault,
Some rank absurdity that must not mar
The beauty and the semblance of your work.
For instance, when you write of Julius Caesar,
Speak of a clock to strike the passing hour;
Some inland Kingdom like Bohemia
Must wash its shores upon the raging sea.

Rutland: And why advise disfiguring my work?

Bacon: Such trifling bulls will shield you better far
Than any other subterfuge can do.
Who would suppose that Roger Earl of Rutland
Was unaware that clocks were not invented
When Caesar issued forth to meet his death
Or that the rockbound Kingdom of Bohemia
Could not be reached by ship from Sicily?

Southampton: Egad! a clever trick, good master Bacon!

Rutland: I marvel, sir, at your sagacity!

All Exit.

Sidney: (coming out from hiding place.)
So it is true, milord of Rutland's here
I heard he was about to come to London
But was not sure enough to make report.
'Tis just as well that now I have the fact
To lay before my sovereign to-night.
She will be jealous of this tactless slight
And, Rutland pretty fellow, he may be;
But, then at court he'll get into my way
And somewhat block the flow of my ambition.
'Tis strange, the Queen should send me to this house
To ask Southampton full particulars
Of the two poems lately put in print
On Venus and Adonis and Lucrecia
Both dedicated to milord Southampton,
And causing such a stir amongst the wits
Too had I could not hear just what they said
But this I learned, my noble lord of Rutland
Is cogitating on a subject which
Must not escape me.
Sidney, look sharp! You have a fertile field.
Plow deep and closely scan the turned up sod.
Burbage, they say, who may this Burbage be?
Ho, ho! Let's see,—the showman at Blackfriar's
Is one Burbage! There is a clue!

CURTAIN.

Exit.

SCENE II. Blackfriars Theatre.

Enter Burbage and Heminge.

Burbage: No, Heminge, we'll let the thing run on another week;
The house last night was not full occupied
And that for once caused me but small concern.
This play of York and Lancaster seems slow.
It lacks the life and action I would have.

Heminge: Right, Burbage, the "Contention" is but weak
And wants the spirit—well, when all is told,
Its author, whosoe'er the man may be,
Lacks the experience. Would I knew the man.
'Tis awkward to make changes and not know
Whose corn we bruise by doing so.

Burbage: The scene where Clifford murders Rutland's boy
Was acted dolefully without all vim
There's Peel, egad, his dismal Clifford
Did murder by his miserable play
Far better than intentioned by the author
And to my seeming the young victim died
More from effect of execrable acting
Than by the sword play of that bungler.

Heminge: But 'twas to laugh when Kemp as messenger
Changed clothes to take the part of Somerset,
Not having time to take his part again
I called in our new lad from Warwickshire
To jump into the gap. Did'st notice how
He strutted forth with that fat paunch of his,
And shout as though he drove a yoke of oxen:

"My lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you."

O, 'twas the richest thing I ever saw!

Burbage: That Stratford lad may be an actor yet
But then I'm feared, he'll have to fast a bit
Or chisel down his paunch some other way.
Did'st note Kemp's doublet on this awful back
Split in the seams! But luck would have it
The thing looked natural, and the very part.

Enter Condell.

Condell: (imitating Shaxper's acting.)

"My lords King Edward with a mighty power
Is marching hitherward to fight with you."

Burbage: Ha, ha, well done Condell, upon my word.

Heminge: Ha, ha, the illustration comes in very time
We now were speaking of the Stratford lad.
He'll do in time; but he has too much flesh.
We'll have to diet him 'gainst further use.

Condell: And in the meantime let him walk the ghost
But squibs aside, he is a likely fellow;
Quick to discern, and, when it comes to that
His paunch may be the very thing we'll want
When giving Oldcastle this coming week.

Burbage: There certainly would be no danger then
In spilling forth the bag of barley straw
As once did hap when Pope played the old knight.

Heminge: I well remember, 'twas an awful sight.
The house was almost thrown into convulsions.

Condell: I heard about that droll affair. In that respect
Give me a paunch that's made of flesh and blood.
Its weight will keep the fellow on his pins
Should he grow faint with nerves.

Burbage: Can such a clod have nerves?

Heminge: None, I should think, but it would take
A blackthorn stave to wake them.

Condell: But jests aside, the fellow has good parts
He's quite a man of business by the way
From minding one horse for some "blood" one night
He now has charge of twenty at a show,
And ha, ha, ha, sublets those he can't hold
To boys, reserving him a goodly profit.

Burbage: What does he do when not employed by day?
Perhaps, it would be just as well if we
Kept eye upon this Stratford prodigy
And gave him ought to do, to train his wit.

Heminge: I believe myself the man does like the show
To judge from the alacrity with which
He squeezed his belly into Kemp's doublet.

Condell: He has some mettle, I'll be bold to say
And rare Ben Jonson tells me, by the way,
The rogue has wit; is good at repartee,
And wants but polish to be made of use.
Let's send for him, an if he is about
We'll put the screws to this phenomenon
To better judge the manner of the man.
(Calls) Ho, boy.

Enter Boy.

Go out about the sheds near by
And see if you can find that Stratford lad
Him of the paunch, that dabbles in small fees

That he collects for holding horses nights
An if you find him, ask him to come here
We would have speech with him on his affairs.

Boy: I saw him cross the court yard even now.
I'll have him with you in a moment's time.

Burbage: Make haste, me boy, I have not long to wait.

Exit Boy.

An that reminds me, I have long intended
To get a man or two of likely mien
To act as roustabouts and thus pick up
The manner of our way and so fall to.

Heminge: Beware thee, Burbage, the immensive cost
Of cloth to cover such a swelling bulk.

Condell: Enough of that; the man may toe our mark.
No jesting, Heminge, for here comes our man.

Enter Shaxper.

Burbage: Step hither Shaxper, I, and these my friends
Have had some words respecting thy employ.

Heminge: That is, if thy engagements at the sheds
Allow thee time to waste upon our whim.

Condell: Mayhap 'twill be the making of thy fortune
If time and tide are running to thy taste.

Shax: 'Twould satisfy me greatly, gentlemen,
To enter your employ upon such terms
As tend to hold me harmless of all loss
Respecting income such as I enjoy
Whilst being master of my every movement
Barring the burden of responsibility
I owe to those who pay me.
Fact is, good sirs, I want my keep.

Burbage: Well spoken for a lad so lately come
To this great city here to make thy way
An if it please thee to attend us here
We'll see that terms are made to suit thy case.

Heminge: That is, of course, if our exchequer will
Allow, to cover what your fees now are.

Condell: Hast thou made computation of the sum,
Or else need'st time for more consideration?

Shax: My income has not reached to that amount
But what my fingers well could entertain
To act as Compters. Thus, to cut it short,
Furnish me clothing, food and lodging
And five good shillings of the realm
As weekly stipend for my time and service.
And, to repeat, I want my keep.

Burbage: What say you? Heminge, aye the lad speaks
well.

Heminge: We'll make it six per week his manner
earned it.

Condell: I'll add a shilling from my private purse
To bring thee luck, my Stratford pioneer!

Shax: Your kindness, gentlemen, takes me by storm.
I'll straight arrange my matters at the sheds
And relegate my business to the boys
That lately have assisted me o' nights.

Burbage: 'Tis well, me lad, and as thou servest us
So will we show appreciation.

Heminge: Keep worry from thy mind and have a care
To read somewhat of that I'll send thee
A little polish is most needful here
And leads to prompt advancement.

Condell: Then, Shaxper, take this trifle here from me
(hands him purse.)
'Tis merely an advance upon thy wage.
It may be helpful in thy severance
From old employ.

Burbage: Well done, Condell, I had not thought of it.

Heminge: Nor I, and for this seeming slight
I do propose that we forget the deed
And may the lad prove worthy of the purse.
Burbage and I will square thee.

Condell: I knew your hearts, my friends, you know I did.

Enter Boy.

What is it, boy?

Boy: A valet here in lace and velvet
Seeks Master Shaxper and would speak with
him.

Shax: How, speak with me? then pardon gentlemen
Till I enquire what this valet wants.
'Tis well he came upon me even now.
My heart is full, too full for words of thanks
For your most noble generosity!
I will report anon.

Boy and Shax Exit.

Burbage: I like the way the fellow mouths his speech.
He shows appreciation to the full
An I am taken with the manner of it.

Heminge: With little management upon our part
We'll make him valuable to our needs.
Zounds! Since closer view of his proportions
His size has shrunk somewhat, what say you
Condell?

Condell: 'Twas all imagination on your part
I liked the lad when first I spoke with him
And feel we all have done the proper thing
To close with him, hsh! here he comes.

Enter Shaxper.

What now, my lad? thy puzzled look
Betokens interruptions unexpected, speak!

Shax: The earl Southampton sends to ask my
presence.

Enter Lord Sidney, Stands at a Distance, Unobserved.)

To have some speech with me, his valet is to
bring me on the way.

Burbage: Make haste to go, me lad, I wish thee luck
But we'd be loth to lose thee ere we had thee.

Shax: Fear not, good sirs, I'm your's, my word upon it,
Whate'er the message 'twill not interfere;
I shall return within the next two hours.

Exit Shax.

Sidney: (approaching)
Pardon me, gentlemen, what play to-night?

'Twill be the second part of the Contention.
Have you bespoke your seat?

'Tis well, I and my party will attend.

Exit Burbage, Heminge and Condell.

That is if in the meantime I can make dis-
covery
Of what Southampton wants with that fat man.
Strange goings on, milord, but never fear
The facts will out, and straightway to the
Queen.

Exit.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.. Room in Southampton's House.

Enter Lady Vernon and Lady Sidney with the Earl of Essex.

Essex: Fair Cousin Vernon, and you, my Lady Sidney,
Here will we bide until milord return.
Southampton, whom I met at court this morn-
ing
Advised me that young Rutland hath arrived
And makes his stay here in Southampton
House
The while he doth intend to spend in London.

Lady Sid: I'm curious to meet this hero knight. Essex,
My almost parent, and my heart doth quicken
That now the 'fillment of my wish approaches;
Pitti pat, pittit pat, hear it, my lord?

Lady Ver: You silly girl, to speak so of a man
Whom you have never met, and know
The likelihood of sharing his estates.

Essex: So 'tis resolved, my charming little daughter
And happy will you be with such a man;
Studios and not pedantic; witty sans vul-
garity:
A gentleman bred in the bone and with an
income
A King might envy!

Lady Sid: La, la, but, an he were not nice—that is—to me
And I should pinch him, what would he do
then?

Lady Ver: Tush, Bessie, do not act so skittish.

I could not act to my Southampton so.
He is too fiery withal and might resent it.

Lady Sid: An it were—I'd make milord repent it.

Essex: Come ladies, here milords approach:
Remember, Bessie, first impressions last.

Lady Sid: Shall I be meek—quote poetry to him
Or sit and wait until you do present him?

Lady Ver: Be natural, Bessie, do, you silly girl.

Essex: Bessie, come kiss me, now be good, my dear.
I hear some steps approaching.

Lady Sid: 'Tis well, milord; ah, O my heart be still!

Enter Southampton and Rutland.

Southampton: Welcome, fair ladies, here I bring this phoenix
Just risen from the ashes—clip his wing.

Essex: Southampton you look charming, and dear
Roger,
Welcome to London. Have you been to court?

Rutland: Just as a formal duty to my queen, milord,
But I shall hope to see you there quite often.

Lady Ver: At least I need no presentation, Rutland,
For we have met before.

Rutland: Of course, but then thy marvelous beauty, lady,
Shone at another angle; then I was stunned
But now I am bewitched.

Southampton: Waste not your words, good Rutland, on my
Vernon.
You'll need them all to praise this fairest bud.
(Presenting Lady Sidney.)

Lady Sid: A rose, milord, and O, so many thorns.

Rutland: Fie, lady Sidney, why do you remind me.
Now placed in the predicament of Paris
That I might get my fingers sorely pricked.

Lady Ver: O, good milord, do not be harsh upon her.
See she repents. But, is she not a beauty?
Tho my lord Henry leans toward my style.

Essex: Southampton, come, now when is it to be.
The path must be made smooth for milord
Rutland.

Southampton: Ha, ha, good Essex, you must ask the Queen
Who carries my affairs with a high hand.

Essex: 'Twill all come right in time, rely on Essex.
Now, ladies, will you join me to the green room?
Milord Southampton and my Rutland here
Are pre-engaged to meet Sir Francis Bacon
Upon important matters at this hour.

Southampton: We'll follow you as soon as we are through.

Rutland: Fair lady Sidney and milady Vernon
The time will drag until we meet again.
So au revoir—we shall not keep you waiting.

Lady Ver: We haste away so we may sooner meet.

Lady Sid: Your arm, my father, au revoir milords.

Exeunt Ladies Vernon, Sidney and Essex.

Southampton: What think you of milady Sidney, Rutland?
A charming girl and with a mind of gold
The image of Sir Philip, her late father—
And now her mother—matching off with Essex
Stands fair to be the foremost lady in the
realm
The Queen adores her and thinks high of thee.

Rutland: I do assure you dear Southampton, I am be-
witched
Tho this my heart within warns me 'gainst
marriage.

Southampton: Tut, tut, my boy, so say they all until—
But, here's Sir Francis now, and someone with
him
Discrete now. Rutland, we'll not speak thy
name.

Enter Bacon With Shaxper.

Good morrow, Bacon, an whom have we here?

Bacon: The man we spoke of, out of Warwickshire
(to Shaxper.)
This, master Shaxper, is milord Southampton
Who would have speech with thee as you're
aware
And this——

Southampton: Is milord Roger who seeks some aid in his
affairs
The rendering of which may carry profit.

Shax: Milords, I fear me that you are too late,
For, as your valet came to fetch me here
My time was preengaged at the Blackfriars—

Rutland: That will not brook my purpose in the least.
The service that I wish you render me
Requires nor time nor labor on thy part—

Shax: The matter standing thus, you can command
me.

Rutland: I wish to put a secret in thy head
And lock thy mouth with golden bars!
The secret is a name unknown to thee
And must not be divulged on pain of death
In payment for this privilege thus givest,
I will present thee with one thousand pounds.

Shax: An doth my carrying this monstrous load
Endanger life or limb, or—ha!—the Tower?

Rutland: Not if thou keepest counsel with thyself!

Shax: Prepare the oath that I may swear and sign it.

Rutland: Pray walk aside with me, my man.
(they go to far corner of room)

Southampton: A likely fellow, Bacon, what think you?

Bacon: Methinks the man might answer Rutland's
purpose:
His speech is fair, his mind seems virgin still
To the allurements of this boisterous city—
'Twere dangerous did the man not hold aloof—

Southampton: We have considered of the matter well
And Rutland doth agree with me in this
That to secure the keeping of the secret
Allurements other than of jingling coin
Must hold the man we chose in check—
That is the matter now he's laboring with
And I do hope agreement may be met—

Bacon: I have made further inquiry of Burbage
And he informs me that this Stratford man
Hath some ambition in the way of honors.

Southampton: How honors, what by that would you imply?

Bacon: Perhaps 'twas but the idle dream of fancy
That came to him upon his Stratford straw;
'Twould seem ridiculous in a city bred,
But you, milord, can understand a mind
Poetic in its nature; fed romance,
Doth harbor visions.

Southampton: And—

Bacon: He aims to be a "gentleman" by patent.

Southampton: Were he of family that could stand the test
The matter might be easily arranged—

Bacon: His mother was an Arden, and his father
A Councilman or Alderman at Stratford.

Southampton: A likely soil to set this shrub to sprout
In reasonable time a gentleman.

Bacon: No doubt they're speaking of the matter now
And by appearance of his countenance
'Twould seem the subject hath direction.

Southampton: Upon my word, he's taking Rutland by the
hand!
'Tis well, I like it much, this apt allurement.
'Tis far more potent than a threat or even
gold!

Rutland: (approaching)
word
The thing looks well Southampton 'pon my
I have his oath, by word of mouth as yet,
But 'twill suffice for the preliminary
Parchments in regular order will be signed
Anon, that is as soon as such can be prepared—

Bacon: An with your leave I will assist the diction.

Southampton: Tell me, in short, to what have you agreed.

Rutland: Primo: Whatever plays I render to be acted
Are to bear signature split by double hyphen
Thus "Shake, (and break), then "speare,"
hyphen between,
He to allow the public to assume—mark will
assume—
That he's the author; but not to claim the
manuscript
By writ or word of mouth. In fact he is
To weave a shroud of mystery so deftly
That all the world may think him to be author—
No word of his will ever prove it so—
Further: He's under oath to carry
The deception in face of all Blackfriars people—
Become a partner there and furnish plays
With which I shall supply him
And other details as I will have writ.

Southampton: Then you, on your part, do agree——

Rutland: To furnish him first with One Thousand
Pounds.
Then use my influence with the Queen
To press his claim to have a coat of arms.

Southampton: Ha, ha, I thought as much, I understand—

Bacon: 'Twill bind the contract faster than all gold!

Enter Lord Sidney.

Southampton: Ha! here is Sidney, wonder what HE wants!
His manner likes me not. This coming in
So unannounced smacks of deceit.
How now, my lord, what be your pleasure?

Sidney: Pardon intrusion, good milords I came this way
Thinking to meet Lord Essex hereabouts.

Southampton: You'll find him in the green room I presume,
He went that way some twenty minutes since

Sidney: With your permission I will seek him there.
Again I beg your pardon for intrusion.

Sidney Exit.

Southampton: A near relation of milady Sidney
More's the pity; I do not like the man
He slavers o'er the foot stool of the Queen
And pushes his ambition in a manner
That creaks upon the back stairs in the dark,
Keyholes are friendly to his enterprise.
We must be careful what we are about
When such as he draws near.
I like him not—but Family! Family—O!

Rutland: Good master Bacon, go you with my man
And see about the parchment in the library;
Southampton and myself must join the ladies
But I'll be with you in a quarter hour.

All Exeunt Severally.

Re-enter Sidney.

Sidney: So Rutland hath much time to give South-
ampton.
And fifteen minutes but to spare the Queen—
And you my haughty Lord Southampton
Remember that a Sidney don't forget
You wish to marry with milady Vernon
But know not of a certain Willoughby
Who, were he minded so, might jar thy match;
I'll bring the information to thy ears
Without its source appearing.
Let me alone for getting square with thee!
I've still to know about this heavy man
Who seems to interest milords so much.
The Queen must have gossip, gossip, gossip!

Exit.

CURTAIN.

SCENE IV. Blackfriars Theatre.

Enter Two Stable Boys.

1. S. B. We're made, me boy, we'll soon be bloated peers
If this holds out with Shaxper's pretty job
We'll know not what to do with all our money!

2. S. B. I'll know what I'll do, I'll be bound, me honey—
I'll eat six good square meals each blessed day
Chew calomel between to make more room
I live to eat, just bet I know what's good

What's money good for lest it be for food.

I'll stuff as well, as much as I can stow;
But that's not all, me boy, I'd have you know
The first day that I get my little pile
I'll to the Mermaid for a good long sleep
And as I take my room I'll order Boots
To wake me when the clock strikes at sharp
six!

Why should you have him get you up so early?

An who said aught about my getting up.
I'd let him call me—but I'd answer him:
"Get out, ye dog; get out ye scurvy cur?
Why should a man with coin be bothered
Get out! I'll throw the bootjack at thy head!"

What good would all that be to ye, ye clown?

To let him know I was a gentleman
To sleep as long as gentlemen are wont—
To be a gentleman you've got to sleep!

You mean to say that gentlemen don't eat?

But only Thrush eggs and such dainty stuff,
You'd have to eat a peck to get enough!

'Twas mighty nice that Shaxper threw the job—

An' let us have it as he did. B' Jove!

Who'd think that Warwickshire grew bloods
like that!

Exeunt Stable Boys.

Enter Shaxper.

Since fate will buckle fortune on my back
To bear the burden sans my playing for it
I must have patience to endure the load.
Here hath fate stewed a pretty mess for me;
I've sold myself; am tied down hard and fast,
Tho much enlarged the field of my activity.
I am myself no more. I am another's!
And acting in his name; by oath I'm bound
Not to admit those labors in my name
Nor to deny my compilation!
Tho I have gained fulfilment of my dreams,
Have wealth to bolster up my sunken fortune,
'Tis dearly bought since I have sold myself
To be the living pen-name of an author
Who by past works hath set the town astir;
To be obliged to face my benefactors;
Sell them new plays as though they were
mine own;

'Tis a great load to bear.
Sit and make merry with the cities' wits;
Take flattery from them; congratulations;
That sound like hollow mockery to me,
And then be under oath to not admit
The point, nor yet, doing the work
To nourish seeming probability
And to be gay withal!
To strictly guard the writing of my hand
That prying eyes get not to know it—
This is a burden that would break the back
Of any ordinary mortal!
The deed is done and I have made my bed
Tho stuffed with downs, unutterably hard!
Then in the waking moments, ere sleep comes,
The gloat of that curst master wit above me
Weaving fantastic dreams!
My word is given, under oath, and signed
And, ha, I had almost forgot the wierdest
clause

That at the first infringement of my word
Myself—my flesh and bones will disappear
As if by magic—Kidnapped and murdered in
cold blood!

In manner that no living man may know
My miserable fate—!
Three separate plays have I for the approval
Of my most dear and newly gotten friends.
How to suggest the matter and explain
How I came by them—still requires invention.
Fate brought me fortune—then let fate devise
The means by which to hold it!

Enter Pembroke.

This gentleman was at Southampton House
When last I came away. Good morrow, sir.

Good morrow master Shaxper and well met—
Milord Southampton fears that you may find
Some difficulty in the presentation
Of your first manuscript in such a manner
As to allay suspicion.
Where can I find good master Burbage now?
I would have speech with him.

Shax: He's in the house, milord, I'll go an fetch him—

Pemb: I will arrange that Burbage asks no question,
When you present your manuscripts,
And when you do present them, act nonchal-
antly
Using but simple speech—
Say, "there is somewhat that perchance
May interest you, Master Burbage, read it
An if it suit you and your theatre
Produce it—without recompense to me.
I owe you much and I am happy, sir,
That thus I can requite it"—Say no more.

Shax: An, when he doth reply?

Pemb: Retort in commonplace. Go now and fetch him,
But do not thou return—we'll meet anon.

Exit Shax.

An if suspicion chance to fall on me
To be the author, 'twill be a simple matter to
deny!
To doubt the word of Pembroke carries death!

Enter Burbage.

Ha, master Burbage, sir I wish you well!
And beg the privilege of some words with you.

Burbage: Milord of Pembroke, sir, you do me honor
To favor such as I with your commands.

Pemb: 'Tis but to-day report made known to me
You have one Shaxper here in your employ.
He comes from Stratford up in Warwickshire.
And I have heard that he doth carry
A very weighty matter in his head.
He is a genius of peculiar order,
An will not trust himself to loose his mouth.
I ask thee, as a patron of your house,
To not be taken with astonishment
If this same man to further his ambition
Doth put thee on the road to fortune—
Whatever he may have to say to you,
Pry not into the working of his mind—
'Twould likely cause a hemorrhage, even death.

Burbage: 'Tis strange, I felt, since first I saw the man,
That there was somewhat back of that great
bulk.

Pemb: Well, to be short, 'tis so!
Then, further, Master Burbage, so instruct
Thy partners, Masters Heminge and Condell,
To act upon the hint I've given thee.
A failure on thy part, good Master Burbage
To follow my instructions to the word
Would cause me sorrow.

Burbage: O, rest content, commands of milord Pembroke
Are law to me and also to my partners!

Pemb: Farewell then, that was all I had to say.

Exit Pembroke.

Burbage: I always felt a strange effect come o'er me
When this fat Stratford man gave me his eye.

Enter Heminge.

Milord of Pembroke hath just left me, Hem-
inge,
And told me things that will surprise thee
much:
This lad from Warwickshire may prove a mine
If we but let the fellow have free rein.

Heminge: I've felt so ever since I spoke with him
And build great hopes upon him.

Burbage: There's something queer about him milord tells
me—
He'll stand no prying into his affairs.
And then his lordship further cautioned me,
And you and Condell also are included,
To look upon his actions and his words
As natural output of his eccentricity.
Be guarded therefore in thy speech with him
An above all, ask him no questions,
And we must not omit instructing Condell.

Heminge: 'Tis well, hsh! here comes Shaxper now.

Shax: Pray, gentlemen, a moment of your time
I have here somewhat that perchance may
please you
Read it an if it please, make use of it
Without a thought of recompense to me.

(Gives Burbage Mss.)

Much do I owe you and this opportunity
Gives me the greatest pleasure I can feel
To, in a measure, make up for your goodness!

Burbage: Why, Master Shaxper, an what have we here—
Some verses written on some pretty lady?

Heminge: Or something we can put upon the boards?

Shax: Read it, kind gentlemen, an when you've done
Judge if the manner of my thanks run straight.
I must away to meet my good friend Jonson
Who waiteth my arrival at the inn.

Exit Shax.

Burbage: Strange fellow that! what think you, Heminge?

Heminge: Let's see, what have we here that he has left.

Burbage: (opening bundle Mss.)
Phew! 'A history of our gracious King
Henry the Fourth, containing also
The antics of one Falstaff.'

Heminge: That sounds well—How is it arranged?

Burbage: We'll presently look into this new play.
Now, what is this? "The Merry Wives of
Windsor, or Falstaff when in love."

Heminge: Another play B' Jove! what next, I wonder?

Burbage: Then here is one entitled "The History of
King Henry the Fifth. The death of Falstaff"

Heminge: An if these plays are good we've struck a
mine
Let us examine them more closely in our cham-
ber
Where Condell now is working up some
scheme.

Burbage: Strange things come out of Warwickshire,
good Heminge!

Heminge: Strange, strange——

Both Exit.

Enter Pembroke and Shaxper.

Pemb: As I was saying, Master Shaxper, mark me:
Things go as merry as a marriage bell!
'Tis well I met thee going forth—
For I had something in my doublet here
That I forgot to give thee here before.
(hands him Mss.)

Shax: Am I to read this or just turn it over
To my good masters at the playhouse here?

Pemb: 'Tis meant for thee; but then there is no rea-
son
Why thou shouldst not peruse it at thy leisure.
Take best of care of it—I must away.

Exit Pemb.

Shax: Putting Mss. in breast of doublet)

Another one! They're coming rather fast
But then, I'm in for it, so let them come!
The more the merrier, say I, good milords!

(Enter Sidney.)

Holloh! you here again? What may he want,

Sidney: My man, hast seen lord Pembroke here-
abouts?

Shax: That were for me to know but not to say!

Sidney: How now, sirrah! Make answer

Shax: I'll go within—an see if he is there
(aside) an this rough ape can wait till I
return ——— to-morrow!

Exit Shax.

Sidney: Now what could Pembroke want around this
place
I saw him coming forth—I must discover!
I've put a flea in good Queen Bessie's ear;
An that flea feedeth more than I can serve
Voracious rascal that!
That bumpkin don't return—perhaps he wont—
All right—my man—another for my book!

Exit.

CURTAIN.



"I am Christopher Sly—call me not honor or lordship."

ACT II.

SCENE I. Room in Southampton House.

Enter Essex and Southampton.

Essex: Whoever brought you such a monstrous tale
Deserves to have the hide stripped from his
carcass,
An, I for one, shall never bend my ear
To idle gossip that involves a lady!

Southampton: Nor am I prone to stoop to such a thing.
Dishonorable alike to one who hears and be-
lieves
Without enlightenment or evidence,—as the
supposed offender!

Essex: Dismiss the matter from your mind, Southamp-
ton,
It is unseemly in a gentleman like you
To harbor thoughts offending Lady Vernon.
Milord, give me the name of the informant
An as I am an Essex, the dog dies!

Southampton: In that I do agree with noble Essex.
Find me the cur an I, myself, would kill him!
'Twere but to free the world of such a pest;
The coward cur hath placed a scurvy note
Where 'twould not fail to meet my jealous
eye!

Essex: Unsigned, of course, the traitor! show me the
script;
Perchance I know the manner of the hand.

Southampton: I pinned it on the point of my Toledo,
And cast it in the fire—
Considering its source I had dispelled all
thought
Until to-day I met with Willoughby
Who, by his manner, making enquiry
Of the well-being of my Lady Vernon.
Aroused anew suspicion in my heart.

Essex: Of course, we can't blame Willoughby in the
affair
Not knowing your relations with milady!

Enter Rutland, Lady Vernon and Lady Sidney.

Rutland: 'Tis vile, Southampton, that you so forget

That which you owe yourself and this fair
lady!
Anonymous at that—'Tis simply monstrous!

Lady Ver. Forbear, dear Rutland, my poor heart is
cracked
Do not upbraid Southampton, for one unkind
word
Will shatter all the fragments.

Lady Sid. Fair cousin heed him not. Why should
A guiltless conscience be so troubled
We all, thy truest friends, love thee the more!

Southampton: O, what care I. The slightest breath of scandal
overwhelms me!

Rutland: The best of us can't guard against such villains.
The traitorous backstairs coward!

Essex: Southampton, if thou havest faith in me
Accept my oath that I will right this thing!

Rutland: An I'll devote my life to the discovery——

Lady Ver. Milord forbear!

Lady Sid. Come, cousin walk with me.

Exit Both Ladies.

Southampton: Rutland and Essex you, you fully believe
That I should be the last to think it true
That Willoughby hath sinned against milady.
'Tis the suspicion undeserved that knocks
And time alone will even up my temper;
You, Rutland, should not have brought in the
ladies—
My state of mind was unprepared to meet
them.

Rutland: Southampton, as you are of all my friends,
The one I cherish most. Do this for me
Ay for thyself, thy honor, say one kind word
To lady Vernon e're she leaves—

Essex: It would be gracious on thy part Southampton

Southampton: I'll walk without, an if I meet the ladies
My heart dictates to follow your advice

And meet we not—we'll meet some other time.

Exit Southampton.

Rutland: Bear with him, he's so devilish fiery
As needs cool air to square him with himself.

Essex: Rutland, thou'rt right—thou too hast temper
And I myself am well bestowed with it.
Three heads like ours must bend to but one purpose,

Rutland: An that should be——?

Essex: Uproot the weeds that fester 'round the throne,
And lay them prone at good Queen Bessie's feet!
This stab at our poor friend is meant for me,
An emanates from our good Queen herself,
Who loveth gossip, an would play upon me
—I do not like that Sidney near the throne
Altho as yet I've nothing much against him.

Rutland: I like me not his sinister expression
And that for one thing makes me somewhat lukewarm
In giving thought to marriage with milady.

Essex: Tho of one family, Rutland, this remember
Milady Sidney is so far removed in person,
Thought and temperament from this man—
That you need never meet.

Rutland: Of that am I aware—Yet, I am young
Milady scarce fifteen, there's time enough.

Enter Lady Sidney.

Essex: How now, my sweet, an have the lovers met?

Lady Sid: They have, an may success attend them!
'Tis monstrous, is it not, O, that there be
Such villains loose to scatter worse than death!

Rutland: We'll yet discover who the villain is!

Essex: An there will be a funeral in London!

Lady Sid: Oh, how you talk of taking life away
I'd say the villain should be soundly whipped.
An held to all the world for what he is;
That all may know him and avoid him
To kill the man and put him out of sight
Would never end so foul a practice.
The living semblance of so vile a traitor
Should ever be paraded before men!
'Twould curb the tongue of the next novice
At so devilish a game!

Rutland: Thy heart is noble as thyself sweet lady
Thy head sits squarer on thy lovely shoulders
Than that on mine or Essex—
I shall refrain from blood, if possible
If 'twere but to meet thy trend of thought—

Essex: But whipped he shall be, an, if that his life
Escapes so foul a shell in the proceeding
My lovely daughter (that is soon to be),
Will grant a pardon with those cherry lips.

Enter Southampton and Lady Vernon.

Southampton: Milord of Essex, and you my sweet Lord Rutland
Allow me to present milady Vernon
An if you are my friend, as I do think,
We will agree to banish the affair
Now from our thoughts.

Lady Sid: After the storm the calm, an all's serene!

Essex: 'Twas but a little squall—forget it—

Rutland: And be as though the thing hath ne'er occurred!
(aside) I'll write a play upon it well disguised
and, you'll find it in the title: "Much Ado About Nothing!"

Enter Bacon.

Essex: Here is our coming chancellor, Lord Bacon!

Rutland: The queen might go some distance e're she find
A head more steady for the place—

Southampton: But 'ware lord Cecil, Bacon, and that Coke!

Bacon: Your lordship's please to jest—it is but fair
That such as I receive the honor,
An if my path be cleared, 'tis well I know
Where I shall go to make my thanks!

Lady Sid: You have my best of wishes dear Sir Francis!

Lady Ver: An mine won't grow, dear master, by rehearsal!

Bacon: My heartfelt thanks, miladies I assure you
'Twill add another obligation gladly borne!

Lady Ver: Altho my sovereign, with me, is vexed,
The clouds will pass away e're many moons
An the reaction may work blessings for us all;
Come, lady Sidney, let us walk without
And leave these gentlemen to their concerns.

Lady Sid: And don't forget us altogether now;
For well I know when men of weight like you
Do put your heads together, it were vain
To think you gave a thought to such as we!

Exit Both Ladies and Essex.

Bacon: As you suggested to me milord Rutland
I've had that Shaxper at my house to-day.

Rutland: An' did you find him of receptive mind?

Southampton: Why hast thou lost all faith in power of gold?

Bacon: Milord, 'twas not we feared his willingness,
To further the intent of our affairs,
That I thought well to give him some advice,
And milord Rutland did agree with me,
That just a touch of schooling in deportment
Would arm the man to ward off thrusts
Of prying wits with whom he's bound to meet;
There's Jonson, rare Ben Jonson, for example
Who hath an eye that pierces walls of stone!
'Gainst him, I wish to arm our Stratford lad.

Rutland: An what success thus far have you obtained?

Bacon: He takes my method as a duck does water
An as a mimic, cannot be approached
So when I show him how to ward off Jonson
And other wits that meet with him
He does the thing far better than myself—
Thus does he put it when their praise assails him:
" 'Tis nothing, my good master, I assure ye
"These lines come to me in a natural way
"The while I lie upon my couch and day-dream"
An in this manner doth he carry it, an mark you,
Without receding from the truth a whit!

Southampton: The lines do seek him in a natural manner
He doth not lie in this—as we well know.

Rutland: What should we do without you, master Bacon
A mastermind alone could thus devise!
A lie that's plausible an hitched to Truth
Will carry all before it!

Bacon: Another matter I have thought upon—
To so protect your claim to authorship
When centuries have washed away the Truth
That, were you then to rise from out your grave
An say "I am the man" could prove no more!

Southampton: Thy finger marks, good master Bacon, must then
Appear upon the evidence. For genius doth not die!

Rutland: An proud I am that through the channel of thy brilliant mind
Plain facts shall thus assail a wondering world
As will perforce down counter arguments—
Speak on—

Bacon: Inject in all your plays a circumstance
That will fit you alone, still be unknown
To any other. Disguise it by the very bluntness of thy statement.
Make use of names in giving birth to characters
That do exist and known alone to you,
Thus the ambassadors in the sketch of Hamlet—
Two fellow students of your own at Padua, of Danish birth,
As also the Polonius with his apt disguise;
(aside) myself!

Rutland: An excellent idea, for facts can never perish,
An I bethought me of another thing.
In the last play I've sent to Master Shaxper
"The Taming of the Shrew." I've changed location
Of the action from Athens where of old the story lived
To Padua—for I wrote the thing while there at school.
Since coming here and meeting with the Stratford genius,

I've writ a little skit upon the fact of his employ—
How one named Sly was made to think himself a lord
Tho, being but a bloated pot house scullion—

Southampton: An how could you inject that in the play?

Rutland: I left it separate—standing by itself
As sort of by-play—like a wordy overture
Before the "Taming of the Shrew" begins.

Bacon: I catch thy meaning, good, milord of Rutland—
'Twas that you plainly pointed out the fact
That your live pen-name—thus disguised as Sly
Makes plain the Truth in after ages
When the ingenious mask will rot and fall away!

Rutland: The very point I dwelt upon in this device
An therefore have instructed this fore-play
with—"Sly,"
To be enacted before each presentation of the "Shrew."

Southampton: Marvelously 'tis devised, my Rutland!

Rutland: Again, by noting the enormous bulk of this same Shaxper
I have employed this fact in my Knight Oldcastle—

Bacon: You've changed that name, as all religion—
Must be divorced from plays upon the boards—

Rutland: Ay, I bethink me—he is now my Falstaff—

Bacon: And mark, Southampton, how we chose that name;
To carry out our scheme of hiding proofs
To be presented centuries hence—
The name of one of my poor scriveners,
Now scratching quills upon some text of mine
Is Halstaff—the sounding of the which carries the character.

Rutland: I've found another character to serve—that's Dr. Caius.
He struts the boards in "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Bacon: Ah! well I do remember this same man in actual life
At Cambridge. He was professor there—an by that very name—

Southampton: Why, yes I do remember talk of this same Caius.

(Enters unobserved Sidney—he looks about and retreats—without speaking.)

Rutland: Thus may I safely launch on my career
As writer of vile dramas and still keep
The secret from the world that plays t'amuse
The rabble, were born within the brain
Of Roger, Earl of Rutland!

CURTAIN.

SCENE II. Blackfriars Theatre.

Enter Shaxper.

Shax: The plot doth thicken—I must keep awake!
The slightest slip will bring misfortune—
Pembroke hath served me well with my employers.
They do not quiz me, leaving me free play.
But Jonson, O, that Jonson, the pointed arrows
He doth hurl at me stick in my hide!
Thus far I've carried off the matter well;
But that sardonic smile upon his face
Doth trouble me.
An what can this my hid employer mean
(pulling out Mss. of "Shrew")
This fore-play of this beer besotted "Sly"?
To be cajoled and made to feel and b'lieve
He were a lord of high degree?
How marvelous the semblance—still 'tis true!
In this am I consoled—'Twill be a secret
To all the world but me and my tormentor!
Who poureth balm upon my bleeding wounds
By furnishing the means of my advance—
Already are the papers under way
For the procurement of a coat-of-arms

An e're the present moon hath run her course
I'll be a full fledged gentleman!
Further an agent whom I have employed
Is making progress with my Stratford plans
The finest house in that forsaken borough
Will soon protect my family left behind—
Would they could read or write and thus enjoy
The marvelous wit that bringeth me this wealth!
But, that alas, is never to be hoped—!
An if they could decipher word for word
The kernel of the subjects would fall flat.
An, well it is perhaps they cannot read!
And see how from my silly recitation of past events
Culled from my boyhood days, are intertwined
By this magician of my fortunes.
The reference to Sir Lucy makes me smile
But glad I am that I can see through this!
An O, the trick he plays with this fat Falstaff
So like myself in stature and in manner.
How far, I wonder, will this schemer go,
I rendering a likeness of this slave!

Enter Burbage.

Burbage: 'Tis well, good master Shaxper that I find you
A proposition that I have in mind to make,
(And well considered by my partners both)
May strike you in a favorable light.

Shax: Your kindness overwhelms me, master Burbage,
(An master Heminge and Condell as well)
Have touched upon the mainspring of my heart!

Burbage: And mighty glad we are of the adventure,
Of your bold enterprise to seek your fortune
That brought you to our door!
Since our arrangement of the other day,
I and my partners, after consultation,
Have made decision to include yourself
As partner of our business here in Surry.

Shax: Then happy am I that the patent's under way
That will entitle me to be of you—
My family, on my mother's side—the Ardens—
Entitle me to have a coat-of-arms,
And e're the middle of the coming month
I sign my name by patent "gentleman"
And as for capital, I should inform you
That if a matter of some paltry hundred pounds
Would serve to widen out our sphere of action!
'Tis at your service!

Burbage: How, do I understand the thing correctly?
Hath fortune smiled upon you at the sheds?
Why then, believe me, old Plutus sent her
To the right address—I do congratulate you,
Shaxper, an with all my heart.
Those plays, the manuscripts of which you gave me,
Are such as never we have had before.
But feared I am the public of this day
Will fail to see the pearls thus cast before them.

Shax: The plays can all stand clipping and still leave
The subject presentable on our stage.

Burbage: A little daily practice 'pon the boards
Will remedy this point, I fear me not.

Shax: Ah, time will tell—we all hope for the best.
(I hope he may no further push the test!)

(Enter Messenger).

Mess: Is there one William Shaxper hereabouts?

Shax: This way, my lad, I am the man you seek
What have you there?

Mess: A package—'twas a gentleman who met me
Upon the other side of Thames, who bade me
Carry it according to direction.

Shax: 'Tis well, me lad, take this (handing him coin),
and thanks.

Exit Mess.

Burbage: I must away, so leave you with your business
We'll meet again before the day has run?

Exit Burbage.

Shax: Another manuscript—and still they come!
Those that have gone before will serve awhile,
I'll take the present writing to my room,
And give it study, that the run of it
May glibly pass my lips upon occasion—
Let see, what is the title of this thing—

"Much Ado About Nothing" does he name the play—
 (reads) Ah! he's attached the story of the play:
 "A lady of unblemished reputation engaged to
 "Marry with a gentleman is sore maligned;
 "Her lover breaks with her thereon;
 "His friend one Benedick berates him
 "For lending ear to scurrilous inuendoes,
 "That dare not bear the name of the indictor,
 "This friend doth void the pressure of his
 friends.
 "To marry with a certain charming lady,
 "But by conspiracy they bring the thing about
 "And also prove the falsehood of the slander
 "Against the lady that hath been maligned
 "And thus, and thus——"
 In fact it is well named for such a theme;
 There doth appear to be "Much Ado About
 Nothing"—

Enter Ben Jonson.

Ha! here is my friend Jonson come upon me,
 These papers must not meet his watchful eye!
 (tucks them away in his doublet)
 Well met, good master Jonson, how 's't with
 you?

Jonson: Ha, ha, you rogue, you're not quite sly enough!
 Let see the latest offspring of thy brain,
 Now bulging in thy bosom. Come own up!

Shax: 'Tis not quite ready for the public eye

Jonson: But I am not the public—What, thy friend?
 An can no friendly eye have some advantage?

Shax: Nay, nay, good Jonson that would not be fair—
 What would good master Burbage say to that?

Jonson: Well, let it pass, I'll hold my curious vein
 In check until I see it on the boards.

Enter Burbage, Heminge and Condell.

Ha! here come the purveyors of ideas!
 Good morrow, gentlemen, an how d'ye do?

Burbage: Holloa, friend Jonson, how is it with thee?

Heminge: I have a message of ill omen, Jonson—

Condell: 'Tis not as bad as that—be not afeared!

Burbage: Nor do we know at present but it will
 Add to your favor and advertisement.

Jonson: How, now, what's in the wind—I hope—

Heminge: 'Tis nought but that we must postpone pre-
 senting
 Your "Silent Woman" for a week or two.

Jonson: How, why—I have your promise, gentlemen,

Heminge: But not made definite as you'll admit—

Condell: Conditioned on the run of that now going—

Burbage: An then, sir, in a business such as ours
 All promises, perforce are on condition.

Heminge: Since last we met and talked about your play,
 We've made arrangements with another part-
 ner,
 Whose voice, as well as ours, must be con-
 sidered.

Jonson: An who may this new partner be, my friends?
 I trust for your sakes you have made good
 choice!

Burbage: You see him here before you—master Shaxper!

Shax: Your servant, master Jonson, well I know
 You wish me well in my new undertaking—
 (aside) He's turning green with envy even
 now.

Jonson: Well, well I wish you luck, good master Shax-
 per!

Burbage: You see, good Jonson how it stands
 Our latest partner here hath brought us two
 new plays
 The time and season for their presentation
 Just suits the times and temper of the public—

Heminge: On whom we must rely for our returns—

Condell: While the production of your "Silent Woman"
 Will stand the pressure of all days and time—

Jonson: Ah, flatterer, well then, of course, we wait
 An see what new perfection goes before.
 What is the manner of the play you have
 That must perforce take precedence of mine?

Burbage: "Perforce" is well adapted to the Truth.
 The play's put on by order of the Queen—
 Who fancying the Falstaff in King Hal,
 Desires to see the Knight in throes of love.

Jonson: Why, then of course, old Ben must wait his
 time—

Heminge: What harm is there, the season's young as yet.

Enter Sidney.

Burbage: Good day, milord, in what can such as we
 Be serviceable to your gracious self.

Sidney: I am commissioned by the sovereign queen
 To give thee notice, master Burbage, that
 Before presenting the new play you have,
 Wherein one well fed Falstaff falls in love,
 You have the author come along with me
 To read the play before her majesty—

Burbage: (undecided how to act) hm! hm!
 Your order, milord Sidney shall be met
 Will you walk with me to the inner chamber

Shaxper—exit on hint of Burbage).

An there await arrangement of your wish—

Sidney: Lead on, but do not keep me long, good Bur-
 bage.

Exit Burbage and Sidney.

Jonson: P-h-e-w-! Your partner struck it rich me-
 seems, good Heminge.

Condell: So it would seem.

Jonson: Good luck to you in your new partnership, my
 friends—
 I'll to the Mermaid where I'll drink a glass
 To all your healths and your prosperity!

Heminge: Farewell, good master, were it not so late
 I'd join you on the way.

Condell: An if you tarry there, we all may meet e're long.

All Exit—Severally.

Re-enter Shaxper.

(ticing on a new neck frill)

Shax: Confound the thing—the button will not in!
 'Tis always thus when time is niggardly;
 An well it is I had my wardrobe stocked
 To meet occasion unexpectedly!
 Now this ordeal—to look upon the queen!
 With eyes not mine—and read to her
 Words of another with these very lips,
 Sold forth and bartered to the very man
 Familiar at the court and weary of it!
 We have not—an we want—an when we have it
 We care not—!
 Long has it been my dream to see the queen!
 An would have run my shoes off for that
 pleasure
 And now my wish fulfilled—I like it not!
 To view my sovereign through the glasses of
 another
 And know the queen doth thus command me
 Because she thinks I've written to her liking!
 Ah! 'Tis a bitter pill, but it must down!
 An if she bluntly asks when I did write it
 I must reply "It comes to me 'o nights
 By sources natural unwearying to my brain"—
 An thus I speak the Truth—in lying words!
 But then what would you—there's one thou-
 sand pounds!
 An patent making me a "gentleman!"

Enter Sidney Unobserved.

Sidney: (aside) (Here's opportunity to pump this fel-
 low dry
 And rare the chance is for a fair success.)
 (aloud) When you are ready, sir, let us be gone
 And don't forget the manuscript my man.

Exit Sid. and Shax.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III. Street Scene (Old London.)

(people walking about and some groups standing remarking upon the Queen's boxing Essex ears.)

1st Citizen: An mark me word, he will not stand for it!
A man of temper such as Essex is
Will sure resent a box upon the ears.

2nd Citizen: Didst hear, he drew his sword upon the queen?

3rd Citizen: He did not pull it forth from out the sheath—

4th Citizen: But might as well for the appearance of it—

1st Citizen: An now he's placed in honorable arrest—

2nd Citizen: To keep the house and——

3rd Citizen: What never to go forth?—'Twill kill him!

4th Citizen: I like this Essex, an if he wants men,
I know of some will help in this affair!

1st Citizen: An so do I—just count on me!

2nd Citizen: An I shan't fall behind—

3rd Citizen: Let's stone the windows of old Cecil's house!

4th Citizen: I an my fellows will waylay old Coke!
And thrash him soundly!—Essex for me!

1st Citizen: Here come Lord Rutland and Southampton;
Stop your shouting or they may tickle
Thy ribs—Are they for Essex?

2nd Citizen: Rutland is Essex's friend—

3rd Citizen: An so's Southampton!

4th Citizen: An both these lords are rarely seen at Court.

Enter Rutland and Southampton.

Rutland: What have we here—you men
What's all this shouting?

Southampton: And is it seemly? Why 'tis insurrection!
Don't shout the name Essex quite so loud!
(aside to first Cit.) How many are you that
will side with Essex?

1st Citizen: Me an my friends will number to some sixty.

Southampton: Come to me quietly then to my house
I would have further speech with thee.

Rutland: (to 2nd Cit.) Your shout just now for Essex
Would betoken that you are for and with him.

2nd Citizen: An that I am!—A box upon the ear!
I feel it tingling an it were my own!

Rutland: How many friends have you that feel your
way?

2nd Citizen: I cannot count them up off hand, milord
But know of near a hundred good stout hearts
Would do an die for Essex!

Rutland: 'Tis well, meet me to-night down at
Southampton House—I've somewhat that
May bring you fair employ.
Take this as a reminder (handing coin)
An fail not in your coming.

Southampton: (to 1st Cit.) Pass on now, walk away and
show me how many of this rabble follow
thee.

(aside to Rut.) When he has gone with those
who follow him, do you the same with
that man you approached.

(1st Cit. exit with some of the rabble)

Rutland: (to 2nd Cit.) Now walk you down the street
and see how many mark thy going and
will follow.

Southampton: I counted over ten go with my man.

Rutland: There now goes my new recruit like a magnet
Drawing away some twenty men of steel—!

Southampton: The scheme looks well. Let us report to Essex.
Our cry at all times must be "For the Queen!"

Exit South. and Rut

Re-enter South. and Rut. Bringing in Pembroke and Montgomery.

Pemb. An as I passed the street I heard them talk
Of Rutland and Southampton rather loud—

Mont. I cautioned them to make their speed more
quiet
And they did mind me to a man.

Rutland: You see, milords, these men do so despise
The haughty manner of the gold laced crowd
That hang about the Court and fester there
E'en you, Southampton, know a friendly word
Will bring an army of these men to us.
Where your accustomed bearing with high
hand
May draw their persons; but will not their
hearts!

Pemb: That's the whole kernel of the nut, Southamp-
ton,
Be gentle with the rabble during life
An when you need them, they'll be there
And every man a soldier!

Mont. 'Tis thus we ever have been taught—So now,
When brother Pembroke and myself go forth,
The rabble hail us as we pass along.

Southampton: I never could do that—but see the point.
Would I had done so e're this weary day—
Let us adjourn to my house for the night
We've much to settle e're we visit Essex!

Rutland: Poor Essex can't come forth to join us there
So we must act for him in this affair.

Pemb. On then, milords, we'll meet you there anon.

Mont. 'Twould look suspicious to see us together
Perambulating Paul yard arm in arm.

Southampton: 'Tis well—within the hour we meet again.

Exit All Severally.

Enter Sidney.

Sidney: Had I but dared to come within their hearing,
I'd read their faces for my day's report
Enough to know—and what I've seen here now
Will interest the queen, I doubt me not—
Halloa! What have we here?
That fat man drunk!

Exit.

Enter Jonson and Shaxper (Both Worse for Wine.)

Jonson: You take the wall my Shaxper, I'm not drunk,
Whilst you might slip and fall into the kennel!

Shax: O, mind not me, good brother toper,
My paunch can stow away a goodly lot,
And (hic) I feel as sober now
As when I (hic) was reading to the Queen.

Jonson: Now, how in hades, did you get that command,
How was it I knew naught of it before,
Dost spill thy brain on paper—?

Shax: The thing comes natural to me—
Without an effort—
(aside) In that at least I do not tell a lie
An when I lie alone within my lodgings
My muse comes into me—an there you are!
(aside) He was with me this morning
O thou muse in silks and velvet.\

Jonson: How come you on the characters you invent;
They seem so natural and full of life
That 'tis no compliment to say, My Shakebag.

Shax: Cut that! Don't call me Shakebag sir—

Jonson: Ha, ha! I never noted what I said
I was about to say, my Shakescene
That Falstaff looks——

Shax: I'd have you (hic) understand my
Name's not Shake (hic) Scene!
An am entitled to the wall I hold
'Gainst such as you or another
I am a (hic) gentleman, I'd have thee know!

Jonson: An will the Mermaid lose thee, Master Shax-
per, gent?
(coughs derisively)

Shax: See here me man (hic) I'd further have thee
know, the wine the Mermaid sells,

Hath been adulterated (hic).

Jonson: What was the host to do when you come along
To drain what stock he has.
What troubles me is (hic) what
The fellow takes to swell his stock.

Shax: Whatever 'tis—'tis rotten, master Jonson,
An I'll no more of it from this day on!

Jonson: I've heard that tune before,
An I myself have sung it!
An when I lost the words of the refrain
I always found them coming forth again:
O, at the Mermaid!
Ho, for the Mermaid!

Shax: (singing) The mermaid forever! (hic)

Jonson: Now tell me truly master Shaxper
For we were interrupted in the thing,
How come your characters to be
So full of life, so real, so superb?

Shax: Ah there you touch upon a very tender spot.
(aside) Indeed he does—and I must find an
answer.)

Jonson: Come do enlighten me on this;
I fain would know the manner of it.

Shax: Well, then, 'tis this way master Jonson, sir,
The characters you see so well depicted,
They are no manikins as in your plays;
But real live people whom I know do live.

Jonson: Then who's this Falstaff whom
Our Sovereign Queen hath fallen in love with?

Shax: You would not believe me, Jonson, if I told
that.

Jonson: I will, indeed, if you'll but tell me true!

Shax: That Falstaff, Jonson, is a picture of myself!
I paint him so—just for my own amusement,
I want to hold the middle of the stage;
Thus far I have succeeded—think you not?

Jonson: If that's the scheme, you are a witty fellow
An do succeed where other people fail!
And who's Prince Hal who caught thee
At thy lies about Gadshill?

Shax: That is a former friend of mine
(aside)—Who acts the part e'en now unto per-
fection.)

Jonson: Now, that's a point, I've never given thought—
To take live people that we know in life
And put them on the boards in different garb.
I thank thee Shaxper for this hint of thine.

Enter Two Stable Boys.

Shax: Here son (gives a coin), take this an walk with
me—just to my lodging,
'Twill not take thee long (hic).

1. Stab. Boy: Come on me fairy—steady—lead the way!

Shax and Boy Exit Right.

Jonson: Farewell good master take advice an sleep—
'twill sober thee!
An thou hast told me that which does me good.
I'll mark the thing and follow up the point.
Come on me boy an steady me a bit!

2. Stab. Boy: Whereto, good master Jonson, see, I know you.

Jonson: An who don't know Ben Jonson——
—Rare Ben Jonson—I'll warrant ye!
My lodgings are too far for me to-day.
Back to the Mermaid—
Ho, for the Mermaid!

Jonson and 2 St. B. Exit Left.

CURTAIN.

SCENE IV. Southampton House.

Enter Rutland.

Rutland: Thus am I then embarked upon my scheme!
A dozen plays, that I had long in making,
Are ready for the boards when called for.
An excellent thing it was in Master Bacon

To put me on the track to so arrange
That Roger Earl of Rutland never will
Appear as author of a common play
Enacted thus before the city's rabble!
These plays will hold attention of mankind
As long as words have meaning in this world!
But should the name of Rutland once be known,
The Queen would soon cut short my business,
And much that still I have to write upon
Would thus be lost to this benighted world!
So well, I think, I have my secret guarded
That naught but treason in the ones I love
Will bare it to the world this generation!
There is my second self Southampton first;
Then Pembroke and Montgomery and Essex,
Who each would give their lives before the
facts;
And as for Shaxper,—why, he is secure.
His word would never hold against my own—
And there are matters passed between us two
That so entangle that fat dummy's fate,
No word of his will ever breath my name—
He feels too well the danger hanging o'er him.
First—Sudden disappearance—if he slip—
And if not that, the gray walls of the Tower
Are ample warning—
But there's milady Sidney! that sweet girl
Is far too shrewd to not have got a hint
And tho, I love her tenderly, God knows
There's that that bars me from her lovely hand.
Essex doth push me to make up the match
Southampton and his lady too insist—
I take milady Sidney to the Altar—
The die is cast! I marry on the morrow!

Enter Southampton.

Southampton: Ha, Rutland I am glad to see thee here!
The storm is gathering and our loyalty
Is put upon the test.
There's Essex under honorable arrest,
Hath made arrangements with lord Cecil
And had permission from the angry queen
To issue forth to walk an take the air.
He will be here anon.

Rutland: I and my vast estates are at his back
I'd lay my head upon the block for him!
The word of Rutland lasts till death
And Essex knows it!

Enter Pembroke and Montgomery.

Pemb. I met milord of Essex at Whitehall;
He could not gain admittance and feels sore
That such as Cecil could or should so bar him.

Mont. But we have managed fairly well with him,
Tho he defied old Coke unto his face,
Thought better of the thing and came with us.

Rutland: Where did you leave milord of Essex then?

Southampton: Why not have carried him directly here?

Pemb. He spoke of papers left at Essex house
That were in danger of a false direction.

Southampton: Of what import do you suppose, Lord Pem-
broke?

Pemb. His correspondence with the Scottish King!

Rutland: 'Twould cost his head to have that fact dis-
covered.

Mont. I am afeared, his temper, lest it cools
Will yet bring that to pass, milord—

Pemb. An all of us—unless we're resolute—

Rutland: We're in it now—and must abide results!

Southampton: Our pass word still is "For the Queen!"

Rutland: And for the Queen it is and always was!

Enter Essex.

Essex: Aye "For the Queen!" to clear the throne
Of all that vermin which infects it!
But the unkindest cut in the affair
Is the position master Bacon takes.
I saw him at my house where he was waiting
When he fell on his knees to beg of me
To not go further in this sorry matter
He swore I'd lose my head if I persisted
And counseled quiet and forgetfulness.

Pemb. The man is not far wrong, an tho I'm with you
Through thick and thin in this affair of thine,
I too would counsel reconsideration.

Rutland: No man would ever dare to call me coward,
And I would lose this very head for thee!
But this I say that if there be still time
To alter the direction of our minds—
Make not another step!

Mont: Unless success falls to our share
Our lot spells ruin—Tower—Death!

Essex: Who is there doubts success
When we are right?

Southampton: An so say I—On with the game!

Enter Lady Sidney and Lady Vernon.

Ha, ladies 'tis not well that you are here.
The matters we've in hand will not permit
The presence of fair ladies on the scene—
The clouds are gathering—there's
a storm a-brewing!

Lady Vernon: Then get from under e're it is too late!
O, Henry think of me an what you do!

Lady Sidney: Milord of Essex,—you my second father,
Pray think of me e're you proceed in this!

Rutland: Be not afear'd my gentle lady Sidney,
The sun still shines and all may
Yet be well.

Lady Vernon: The reason we intruded here upon you
Is that Lord Sidney is without—

Lady Sidney: We held our cousin long in
Conversation until good master
Bacon came upon us there—

Lady Vernon: So catching at the opportunity,
Ran off to so advise you.

Pembroke: 'Tis well you did—this cousin Sidney
Is much too near the Queen to suit our case.

Montague: Too fond of gossip and I know not what
So I avoid him.

Essex: Confound that man and well it
Was that you were happening
There to bar his way—

Southampton: He would have come upon us unawares.

Rutland: That seems to be a paltry trick of his.

Essex: Southampton, do **you** go get rid of Sidney
And when you do, bring Bacon here to us.

Southampton: Ladies come with me I may need you
To work dismissal of this eavesdropper—

Exit South. and Ladies.

Essex: The strange position Bacon finds him in
Is that he seeks preferment from the Queen
And hangs between the throne and my affairs
The time being short for parley
He must let go but does not know
Where he shall land his feet!

Rutland: Bacon is poor—that is the riddle of it—

Pembroke: I thought it was for Power he played?

Montague: Both are the answer to the present case.

Essex: 'Twas but a year ago that I presented
Him with a small estate to help him out.

Rutland: An that was generous indeed milord—
But still to look upon the present case
'Tis hard for such as he to see all fall—

Pembroke: Whichever way he jumps—he'll be hard hit—

Montague: An therefore, really, I do pity him—

Essex: That's idle talk an if he were a man
He'd say to me: "I cannot go your way—
But here he comes—so hear him speak himself.

Enter Bacon.

How now good Bacon, is there any more,
I thought you said your say at Essex House.

Bacon: Your servant, gentlemen, an by your
Leave I'll put the case without adornment.

Essex: Speak on and if thy counsel be of value

In such a mess as we are tumbled in
Perchance there is a way to lead us out.

Bacon: Then, plainly put, the case is this:
If you make open war upon the men
The Queen doth smile upon
You'll lose the fight.

Essex: An if we win the fight—what then!
"For the Queen!" D'ye hear, sir
"For the Queen!"

Bacon: An if you win the fight there'll be more war!
A war that must stir up one-half this King-
dom!
Brother, 'gainst Brother—Blood will flow, un-
checked,
And when all's done an we have won the day
My lord of Essex will have had his way!

Essex: An if we lose? Speak on we're not afear'd—

Bacon: Then all spells Tower and Block!
My love for you, milords,
Speaks for submission!
Forgetfulness and within six months' time
Milord of Essex will regain his place!

Essex: Place without honor never was for Essex—!

Bacon: Milord, as Counsel for the Crown,
I warn thee that when it comes to worst
I too have honor to support.

Essex: What then?

Bacon: Why I must speak against you in the case—

Essex: Then do thy duty, Bacon, by all means
And when I lay my head upon the block,
I'll think on Bacon!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Mermaid Tavern (left) and Street.

Enter Shaxper.

Shax: My loss is such as cannot be repaired.
The wielder of my fortunes is arrested!
In the affair of Essex's insurrection.
Southampton too may suffer on the block.
Confound it all!—an I a gentleman!
And clever was the trick that got the patent.
So here I am to-day
With means curtailed to keep me,
With house just bought and coat-of-arms
And my investment in the theatre—
The balance will but meet the Mermaid Score!
An how will I now face the world—an Jonson—
Ah, here comes that rare Ben Jonson now—

Enter Jonson.

I've waited for you here the past half hour
And being dry I quenched my thirst without
thee—

Jonson: 'Tis well you did gentle Shaxper, by my dome!
The world is topsy turvey it would seem
An if the thing goes on as it's begun
There'll be no shows for want of public soon.

Shax: Gran mercy, what in heaven can have hap-
pened?

Jonson: O, nothing much except hot headed Essex,
With Rutland an Southampton an some others,
With rabble at their back rushed forth,
Armed cap-a-pie to murder all at Court!
The Queen sent forces to oppose them
An these drove Essex back to Essex House,
With Pembroke an Montgomery in the train
Who joined the other lords when sore beset!

Shax: O, Demmit, man, that means the Tower and—
block!

Jonson: An no one left to come an see our show!

Shax: (aside) An no one left to write my plays for
me!

Jonson: 'Tis a mad world, my masters!
When courtiers will, to venge a
Simple box upon the ears,
Draw sword upon their fellows at the throne!

Shax: These lords were our most regular supporters;

They an their company would fill our house,
An now it is the Tower—maybe death!

Jonson: Most likely, though I'm sorry for young Rutland!
Ha what comes here——?

Enter Lady Southampton and Lady Rutland.

Lady South: O, cousin Bessie, there's that great fat man,
For all the world like Falstaff in the play!
Shall we enquire of him as to our lords?

Lady Rut: I saw the man late at Southampton house;
It might be safe to have some speech with him,
But ward thee—'tis the Mermaid where they are
An spirits may have made him troublesome.

Lady South: We'll risk it—there's another standing there,
He won't permit offense against two ladies.
(walking over to S. and J.)
Come, we shall ask them did they see our lords.
Pardon us, gentlemen, have you seen
Milord Southampton and the Earl of
Rutland pass this way?

Shax: Fair ladies we've not seen the one nor t'other—

Jonson: An if we had—what should we know them by?

Shax: O, I would know them very well miladies,
But, I assure you, they've not passed this way—

Lady Rut: Then thank ye, gentlemen—an God be with ye.

Lady South: A thousand thanks—then we must hasten on—

Both Ladies Exit.

Jonson: Two likely ladies that will soon be widows!

Shax: Poor souls, they have no inkling of it yet.
Aye, may the Lord protect them, the poor souls!
Hush what comes here——

Enter a Rabble Shouting.

Rabble: Chorus: Essex is Caught! Essex is Caught!
Cross Stage and Exit.

Enter Citizen and a Few Followers.

Jonson: An now how is it with this mad cap Essex,
An have they locked him up in Essex House?

Cit: That's what they did an Essex from those
Very windows did curse an swear
He'd have their blood——

Shax: An are they at it yet, my man?

Cit: Oh no, "my man" yourself an who art thou
That thou shouldst cry "my man"
Unto thy betters? Zounds!

Shax: I'd have thee, fellow, plainly understand
That I am William Shaxper, gentleman—

Jonson: Ho, not so fast, sweet William, for you say
The patent hath not issued yet—now has it?

Shax: An what is that to you, my master Jonson,
My speech is with this man an not with you;
An 'tis not requisite to be o'er nice—!

Cit: "Gentleman!" ha, ha! Who would a thought it!

Jonson: Those words require correction, master
Shaxper—at him—revenge yourself—
Thy honor, friend, compells thee!

Shax: What! 'pon compulsion—?

Jonson: How like thy Falstaff—that was true to nature!

Cit: Upon compulsion or any other way—I care not!
I'll not be "thou'd" by any such as he;
I'll "thou" my intimates and friends;
But when a stranger "thous" it is offensive!
Unless it be some great man to a clout—
Remember that, thou William Shaxper, gentleman,
Whose patent for that name may still hang
fire!

Shax: (aside) Another blow, an if that man
Speak true—an my high
Backer gets the block, good-bye!
Good Bye to all my greatness!

Jonson: How now, are we reciting the new play—?

Shax: Nay, nay, my Jonson, 'twas a fancy passed
This moment through my brain,
An as I live the thing may yet transpire!

Cit: Ah, here they come? The sheriff at their head!

Shax: Ye gods! The axe! with edge towards milords!

Jonson: Why that means death!

Shax: Angels an ministers of grace defend us!
The axe! ye gods! that's death!

Enter Ladies South. and Rut. (left)

Lady South: O, gentlemen, O, mercy, have you
seen them—?

Lady Rut: We failed to intercept them as we wished—
O, heavens, may milord have
Taken cue in time to save his
Friends—as well's himself—!

Lady South: Too late, I fear—O, heavens
Look yonder, that procession
All in black!

Lady Rut: What can that mean—and
Soldiers all about—?

Cit: Ladies, stand back, ye might be
Hurt, I believe that the procession
Yonder will pass this way—.

Shax: What are they halting for, I wonder.

Jonson: Fast, far too rapid, O, my Shaxper!
Is a proceeding that leads to the block!

Lady South: What is it—Some prisoners?

Lady Rut: An he spoke of the Block!
I'm rooted to the spot. I cannot move—!

Lady South: I dare not speak my thoughts.
It is too dreadful!
O, Henry, Henry, O milord Southampton!

Lady Rut: Hush! Do not speak his name
So openly—O, Rutland, Rutland!

Shax: Ladies, step this way, 'twill be
Dangerous there, when all that crowd
Comes up this way—

Jonson: Do, ladies, I beseech you! back back!

Lady South: I will not budge a step an they
Run o'er me—I must see whom they have!

Cit: Stand here then—out of reach of all those
men!
Quick, ladies, here they come!

Lady Rut: Do, cousin, stand up here—'imay
Be all well.

Shax: (aside) Ah, would to heaven, 'twere
Like the latest play an turn out
As its title, "Much Ado About Nothing!"

Jonson: An canst thou still rehearse thy
Plays when mortal men are marching
To the block? Look, Shaxper,
As I live! The axe—with edge
Towards the prisoners!

Cit: An that means Tower and Death!

Ladies: (repeating excitedly) Mercy, they come! Hold
fast
My hand—Stand thus—Oh, Oh, Oh!

Enter Procession, Sheriff at Head, With Axe Towards Prisoners.

Essex, Southampton, Rutland and Soldiers and Rabble Following.

Lady Rut: (Breaks away and rushes on Rutland)
They shall not take thee forth my husband!

Rutland: Fear not—an all may yet be well!

Lady South: (also rushes to her husband, Southampton.)
My Henry, O, milord, milord, milord!

Southampton: Sweet wife, back to Southampton House—
Quick save my papers, and my life!

Rutland: An you my darling wife, haste, haste!
Back with thy cousin to Southampton
House—in my scri'toire—my papers—
Haste thee, quick! My life is safe!

Essex: Ladies, the fault is mine an if they call
For blood my head sufficeth to
Wipe out all guilt of your good
Husbands—mine's the fault alone!
And I will show them how
Devereux, Earl of Essex, dies!

Ladies Embrace Husbands and Exit.

Procession Moves on to Left Exit.

Shax., Jonson and Cit. Exit Into Mermaid Inn.

Enter Sidney.

Sidney: I went too far in my reports of late
An now I cannot save them—
O, my God, my family, and myself!
I'll get the brunt of it when this,
My work is done, and to the shame
Of Princes be it said—the Queen will do me!
I must await the run of these events,
And if I must—I must—take road to Dover!

Sid. Exit.

Enter Shaxper.

Shax: Thus have I set me in a goodly mess!
With more than fifteen plays not yet produced,
An Rutland drawing deathward to the block!
Now must I calculate the time an manner
In which I issue forth these written plays—
An by judicious alteration mark them,
To fit the signing of my own good name
As William Shakspere, gentleman, of Stratford.
But, hold those playing now are signed as
Shake-Speare
An with a hyphen for distinguishment
I must await his death at any rate
An Rutland must first die, my course to shape!

Exit.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II. Room in Tower of London.

Rutland Sitting at Table Writing.

(Throws Down Pen, Takes Up Mss. and Comes Forward).

I cannot write with this dead weight upon me!
My brain seems caked, the numbers will not
come.
Ah, lady Rutland, thou my new wed wife—
To thee my mind turns in my dire extreme!

(reads) "O, for my sake do not with fortune chide:
"The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
"That did not better for my life provide,
"Than public means that public manner
breeds"—

(speaks) Now this last number seems ambiguous;
There's where my mind don't equal my occa-
sion
Tho as I think and feel—it does convey ..
A joint idea of what I have in mind—
However, as these lines are for no eyes
To seek for mares' nests in a wilderness,
I'll let them stand to-night and dream upon it.
An if they give offense upon the morrow,
I'll kill them off, an say no more of it!

(reads) "Thence comes it that my name receives a
brand,
"And almost thence my nature is subdued
"To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
"Pity me then and wish I was renewed—
"Whilst like a willing patient, I will drink
"Potions of evsill, 'gainst my strong infection—
"No bitterness that I will bitter think
"Nor double penance, to correct correction.

"Pity me then, dear friend, an I assure ye,
"Even that your pity is enough to cure me."

(speaks) Should lines like these fall into strangers'
hands,
And know the brain wherein these numbers
bred,
'Twould puzzle them to think the Earl of Rut-
land
Encased a soul benumbed to wail that song—!
Fear not! These lines shall never see
The light of day. But it relieves my soul
To write them down—who knocks there?

Enter Keeper (with keys.)

Keeper: Milord of Rutland, there's a man arrived would
see you, an, as there is no order doth pro-
hibit,
I brought him with me, an he stands without.

Rutland: An if I were not in the mood to see him—
What sort of man is he?

Keeper: A weighty man of heavy countenance
Who by his looks wants not for nourishment.

Rutland: (aside) Ha! 'Tis my dummy, master Shaxper.
Ye gods, to note the smallness of some souls!
'Tis like the crow awaiting in the stubble
The dying kick of a decrepit hind
To feed upon the carcass e're it rot!
But yesterday I had this man in hand;
To-day he has his fingers at my throat!
Such is the world!
Admit him, master gaoler!
An I will hear what bringeth him to me.

Enter Shaxper.

How, master Shaxper an what brings thee
here?

Shax: Pardon, milord, an if I incommode you,
But circumstance is my apology—

Rutland: Cut short thy words, an state the circum-
stance!

Shax: O'erreading of the parchment of agreement,
I fail to find provision for events
That since befell to alter our conditions—

Rutland: How our conditions—speak it bluntly out!

Shax: Last week milord was master of Belvoir;
To-day I hear the block awaits milord!

Rutland: An thou darest spout that jargon to my face?

Shax: Last week I was but the plain William Shax-
per;
To-day, by patent issued—"Gentleman!"
I ask accommodation in your manner
An cease from "thou'ing" me.

Rutland: Varlet begone! Before my worthy steel
Play "digging angleworms within thy paunch."
(passes at him with foil, Shax dancing in fear).

Shax: (kneeling) Pardon, milord, an if
I overstept the bounds of due respect,
Consider it the fault of my thick skull!
But not the dictates of an honest heart!

Rutland: Profane not honesty with such a gizzard!
Now, that thy mouth's shot off,
Say on—What wouldst thou of me?

Shax: (still kneeling) Milord, the thousand pounds
I had of you, are, in anticipation
Of continued payments, expended and
Paid out upon a dwelling I bought in
Stratford—calling it "New Place" and on
My partnership with the theatre—
So not a shilling cash remains to me.

Rutland: Rise! And is not property and partnership,
(rises)
In a profession that doth yield amain,
As good as coin in pouch, or better still—
An doth thy partnership suffice thee not
To keep on nourishing thy bulging paunch?

Shax: Pardon, milord, an if I got excited
To think thy life were drawing to a close,
I did make bold to seek you here to-day
And beg of you provision for the future.

Rutland: (flinging a heavy purse at Shax's feet)
There, varlet, fill thy hungry crop with that

An get thee from my sight! But hold!
And as thou wabblest back to thy abode
Carry this with thee—an forget it not:
Mark me! The least abrasion of thy
Written oath is death upon discovery!
Thinkst thou, vile stupid ass I read ye not?
Nor did provide against my being tied?
Avaunt! thou wretch—an tremble day
And night until I reassure thee once again!

Exit Shax.

Rutland: (continuing) O, England! What a blot upon
thy name!
To harbor such a villain in thy realm—
'Tis like an ulcer on the fairest neck,
That nauseates and numbs activity!
And such a tool has Fate put in my way,
To save the house of Rutland from disgrace!
So low a trade as writer for the rabble,
Who hiss or clap their hands as they may
list!
In this respect I plainly see correction,
And for the "Future" I record my plays;
For I do know and feel it in my bones
That the theatre and stage play acting
Will be the recognized amusement of the
world!
Held high in honor and in good respect
When bigotry shall die of very shame!
(goes to the window and looks out)
My God! there forms the dread procession
That leads milord of Essex to the block!
Thy head, O Essex, forfeit to thy temper.
O, rash Southampton, may this lesson serve!
But, as for me, I'm tired of this world,
And if the Queen condemned me to the axe,
I die content—and in a noble cause!

Enter Gaoler.

Keeper: What now, my sturdy keeper, what's amiss.
Wouldst thou apprize me of my Essex's fate?
Then know, both he and I are well prepared
To meet a sovereign greater than Queen Bess!

Rutland: I came to draw the curtain, milord Rutland;
To hide from view the agonizing scene
About to be enacted on the green.

Rutland: Fear not, my honest man, my heart is brave;
I would to God I might change place with
Essex!
Step hither, friend, they are about to move
And they must walk this way to reach the
block
That yonder beckons lovingly to me!

Keeper: I cannot trust myself, milord, to witness
So curt a separation from this world;
An like the Scottish King I faint at blood!
Permit me to retire, noble Rutland.

Rutland: Go, friend, an peace be with thee! Here they
come!

Exit Keeper.

Rutland: How rapidly the distance is devoured
Altho the pace is slower than a snail.
(cries out of window)
Cheer up my Essex! Fare thee well milord!
Banish all thought of what shall now prevail.
Bend all thy mind t'ward heaven and be free!

(Essex voice from without or arrange to have Essex and procession pass in view)
Farewell, my Rutland, grieve not at my fate;
I've quelled my soul by banishment of hate.
At yonder grate I hear Southampton's voice,—
That you and he are saved, I do rejoice!
Farewell, sweet lord, pass greetings to my wife,
(The mother of thy partner for life!)
This kerchief I'll leave blood soaked on the
green
Present it with my greetings to the Queen!

Rutland: An if my fate reserve to me that grace,
I'll throw thy blood soaked token in her face!
Farewell again, I will retire from view
My eyes refuse to see them murder you!

(walks up and down, after a minute's pause a thud is heard)
Hark! There snapped the link that held the life
Of Robert Devereux, the noble Essex;
May God have mercy on his erring soul!
The nobleness of my brave Essex's mind
By contrast loomed so far above the Queen's,
As the most distant star unto the moon!
(sits down and writes,
after a pause, walks forward)
Still do the numbers stumble in my brain
Poor willing paper that must bear this strain!

(reads): "No longer mourn for me when I am dead
"Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
"Give warning to the world that I am fled—
"From this vile world with vilest worms to
dwell.
"Nay, if you read this line remember not
"The hand that writ it; for I love you so
"That I in your sweet thoughts would be for-
got,
"If thinking on me then should make you woe.
"O, if (I say) you look upon this verse
"When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
"Do not so much as my poor name rehearse
"But let your love even with my life decay.
"Lest the wise world should look into your
moan,
"And mock you with me after I am gone."

(speaks) Away! Thou silly offspring of my muse!
(flings paper away)
Thy ring's not natural and I know thee not.
Hast visited my Essex in his grave
To see what's left of him decay and rot?
How dare'st thou trouble me awhilest I rave
Of my fond wife, so sudden overcome,
By dire events born on misfortunes wave
Betokening the setting of my sun!
I've been at fault, not proffering better counsel
To both Southampton and dead Devereux.
Remorse, the cruel tyrant of the mind,
Is pressing red hot irons to my soul
I dare not lay me down upon my couch
For fear my mind be shattered by the strain
With slender promise of a rest—
But I must sleep—if only sleep will come,
(lies down on couch)
And then abide until to-morrow's sun!

(after pause) **Enter Sidney.**

Sidney: (looking around discovering Rutland asleep)
My noble kinsman has thou fall'n so low;
Hast changed thy happy Belvoir for the
Tower?
'Tis thus the seed in rashness thou didst sow,
That tore thee from thy wife's hymenial bower;
O, would I could undo what I have done,
And take my kinsman with me to the Queen.
Who could fortell my idle gossip's run
Would lead him to the block upon the green!
This I will do, and if fate prosper me,
I'll to the Queen at once, the time is rife—
I'll do my utmost to set Rutland free
An failing this, attempt to save his life!
As for Southampton he deserves his lot,
He likes me not, so let that hot-head rot!

Exit Sidney.

CURTAIN.

**SCENE III. Throne Room (Whitehall) With Platform for
Players.**

Queen Elizabeth on Throne, Ladies and Courtiers.
Enter Sidney.

Queen: How now, my Sidney, hast thou done my
errand?

Sid: (falters) My-gracious-queen,-I-have-just-returned—

Queen: Why falterest thou, what would'st thou hide
from me,
An hast thou been in time to do my bidding?
Speak! is it meet that I, the Sovereign Queen,
Tear from thee piecemeal that thou come'st to
say—
Hath my reprieve for Essex been delivered
An hast thou brought Lord Rutland here to
court?
Did'st thou procure Southampton fitter quar-
ters?
Speak! Slowpoke! make me full report!

Sidney: Essex is dead! and Rutland waits without;
Southampton has been quartered in the Beau-
champ.

Queen: Wretch! Essex dead? An thou standst by
With smirking lips to speak it to my face?
Did'st tarry on the way to void my pardon
To favor thine own personal revenge;
To this, thy idle gossip hath beguiled
Thy tender-hearted Queen. **Arrest Lord Sid-
ney!**

(Courtiers Lay Hands Upon Sidney.)
 Away with him an lodge him in the Tower!
 The Bloody Tower where the princes smothered
 And see ye lose no time upon the way—
 His tarrying before cost Essex's head.
 (aside) Oh Robert, O my Robert, dead, dead, dead!

Sidney: (being led off).

(aside) Put not thy faith in Princes, wouldst thou thrive.
 Instead of wasting time on Rutland, I must strive
 To do some grovelling to save myself!

Queen: Permit him not to speak—Away with him!

Exit Sid.—Led Off.

Bring Roger, Earl of Rutland, to the throne!
 (aside) We'll test his boast that he despises life.

Enter Rutland.

Queen: Come, Rutland, what have you to say?

Rutland: Nought that would please my Sovereign's ear!

Queen: How, wouldst thou brave thy Queen upon her throne?
 Beware, others have dared, an their poor souls are frown!

Rutland: It matters little what you do with me.
 Bring Essex back to life! Set lord Southampton free!

Queen: Such words to me, milord beware the block!

Rutland: When Essex fell, my queen, I felt the shock!

Queen: (aside) A nobleman! in very truth—I love him!
 (aloud) Would'st thou provoke me then to do my worst?

Rutland: My head is ready, an thy vengeance thirst!
 (to courtiers)
 Take me away, I have no business here;
 Back to the Tower to weep on Essex's bier!
 (starts to go away)

Queen: Hold, lords, arrest him; keep your eyes on him!
 I'll make him suffer whilst I take my whim,
 To see a play performed ere he be gone.

Courtier: The players are awaiting the command
 Of our most gracious Sovereign Queen.

Queen: The show I've ordered set up here to-night,
 Is the prelude to "Taming of the Shrew,"
 With Master Shaxper as the toping wight.
 Have Rutland stay; but keep him well in view!

Enter Players.

(Courtiers Sit Around With Rutland in Center Stage.)

Rutland: (aside) That is a whim to play my skit on Shaxper!
 An with my straw-man in the title role.
 The play describes th' identical position
 This dummy Shaxper finds him
 Towards himself, in living in a dream
 That promises both fame and gold.
 With all his cunning, yet, ye gods, how shallow!

Queen: When all is ready, let the play begin!

Sly's Dream.

Scene I. Ale-house (left), Greensward, etc.

Enter on Platform Stage, From Inn Door, Sly.

Hostess: A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly: You're a baggage, th' Slys are no rogues. Look
 at the chronicles, the Slys came in with the Conqueror!

Hostess: You'll pay for the glass you've burst!

Sly: No, not a dernier. Go to thy cold bed an warm
 thee! (Lies down on the ground and goes
 asleep).

Wind Horns—Enter Lord From Hunting With Train.

Lord: What's here? One dead or drunk? See, doth he
 breathe?

1. Hunter: He breathes, milord, were he not warmed with
 ale,
 This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord: O monstrous beast! How like a swine he lies!
 Sirs, I will practice on this drunken man.
 What think you, if he were convey'd to bed
 Wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his
 fingers
 And most delicious banquet by the bed
 And brave attendants near him when he wakes
 Would not the beggar then forget himself?

2. Hunter: It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord: Then take him up, and manage well the jest,
 Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
 An hang it 'round with all my wanton pictures,
 Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters
 And burn sweet wood to make the lodging
 sweet.
 Procure me music ready when he wakes
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound
 And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
 And with a low submissive reverence
 Say "What is it your honor will command?"
 Let one attend him with a silver basin
 Full of Rosewater bestrewed with flowers,
 Another bear the Ewer—the third a diaper
 And say "Will't please your lordship cool your
 hands?"
 Someone be ready with a costly suit
 And ask him what apparel he will wear
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
 Persuade him that he hath been lunatic
 An when he says he is—say that he dreams
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

1. Hunter: My lord, I warrant you we'll play our part
 As he shall think by our true diligence
 He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord: Take him up gently and to bed with him
 And each one to his office when he wakes.

(Some bear out Sly—Trumpet sounds)

Scene II. Bedchamber in the Lord's House.

(Sly richly appareled in night dress in bed, attendants, etc., per orders of Lord, Scene I).

Sly: (waking up) For God sake, a pot of small ale.

1. Servant: Will't please your lordship drink a cup of
 sack?

2. Servant: Will't please your honor taste of these con-
 serves?

3. Servant: What raiment will your honor wear to-day?

Sly: I am Christopher Sly—Call not me honor or
 lordship
 I never drank sack in my life—Conserve?
 Give me conserves of beef—Don't ask about
 raiment
 I have no more doublets than backs, no more
 stockings than legs,
 Nor shoes than feet, ay sometimes more feet
 than shoes as my toes look through the
 overleather.

Lord: Heaven cease this idle humor of your honor!
 O, that a mighty man of such descent
 Of such possessions, and so high esteem
 Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly: What, would you make me mad! An I not
 Christopher Sly?
 Old Sly's son, peddler by birth, by education
 cordmaker? by transmutation a bear herd.
 and by present profession a tinker? What
 I am not bestraught?

1. Servant: O, 'tis that makes your lady mourn—

2. Servant: O, this is it that make your servants droop—

Lord: Hence comes it that your Kindred shun your
 house
 As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
 O, noble lord bethink of thy birth—
 Call home thy ancient thoughts from banish-
 ment
 And banish hence these abject lowly dreams
 Look how thy servants do attend on thee
 Each at his office ready at thy beck

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays.
 (Music plays)
 And twenty caged nightingales do sing
 Or, wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a couch
 Softer and sweeter than the grandest bed
 Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapped
 Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
 Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord!

Sly: Am I a lord and have I such a home?
 Or do I dream; or have I dreamed till now?
 I do not sleep. I see, I hear, I speak,
 I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things—
 Upon my life I am a lord indeed
 And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
 Will bring my kin folk hither to my sight!
 And once again—a pot o' the Smallest ale!

2. Servant: Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

(Servants Present Ewer, Basin and Napkin.)

O, how all joy to see your wit restored!
 O, that once more you knew but what you are!
 These fifteen years you have been in a dream
 Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Sly: These fifteen years? By my fay a goodly nap
 But did I never speak of all that time?

1. Servant: O, yes, milord but very idle words
 For tho you lay here in this goodly chamber
 Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
 And rail upon the hostess of the house.

Sly: Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All: Amen! Amen! Amen! etc.

Sly: I thank thee thou shalt not lose by it
 So I'm a lord, a great and mighty lord!
 O, heaven grant I never dream again!
 Give me some drink, Boy, drink!

Lord: (aside) Hast put the sleeping potion in?

1. Servant: (aside) Ay, milord, he'll sleep straight way
 and wake in three hours' time.

Lord: (aside) Then give it him and when he sleeps
 convey him back to his grassy bed upon
 the sword—

Sly: Quick with that drink, why keep me waiting here!

(Servant presents drink)

Sly: (Drinks) Now leave me all—I'm dying for a nap!

All Exit.

Scene III. Same as Scene I.

Sly Discovered Asleep—Same Position as Before.

Sly: (awaking) What ho! Attendants! Ho! Quickly I say
 Fetch me my best attire!
 —A cup of small beer! What! Ho there!

Enter Lord and Attendants as Before in Scene I. Winding Horn.

Lord: What have we here. Is the man mad,
 Thus calling on attendants in this state?

Sly: Then am I not a lord of high degree?
 I thought as much! So it was all a dream!
 Good sir, lend me a six pence for a pot o' beer
 To quell my disappointment with some cheer.
 (Lord gives him a coin)

Exit Sly Into Inn.

Lord: And thus it is with many in this world
 A-dreaming when awake one half the time!
 General applause.

Curtain.

Queen: Rutland an how did you enjoy the play—?

Rutland: My mind was with my Essex far away!

Queen: Still harping, and wouldst still defy me
 Then know thy doom! Once Roger Earl of Rutland!
 As thou desirest death—thou shalt not suffer't—
 But I shall keep thee lingering year by year
 Until thy soul escape of its free will
 To save all yearning after liberty
 I hereby confiscate thy whole estates,
 Out of the which I take a fine of
 Thirty thousand pounds of English gold!

Rutland: I thank thee gracious Sovereign for thy boon
 I've much to do requiring some time
 And cannot reach the tower all too soon!
 (aside) I must have leisure to indite my rhyme—

CURTAIN.

SCENE IV. Room in Tower (2 Years After.)

Rutland at Table Writing.

Rutland: The current of my thoughts do worry me!
 They verge to by ways that all end in death.
 No steel or sharpened axe doth trouble me;
 But sudden, unforeseen, shall still my breath.
 An in my dreams one whispers the command
 That I end all with my reluctant hand!
 No more of this! let's see what I have writ.
 (rises and comes forward)
 An't takes a morbid turn I'll smother it.

(reads) "O, lest the world should task you to recite,
 "What merit lived in one that you should love
 "After my death, dear love, forget me quite
 "For you in me can nothing worthy prove,
 "Unless you would devise some virtuous lie
 "To do more for me than mine own desert.
 "And hang more praise upon deceased I
 "Than niggard truth would willingly impart.
 "O, lest your true love may seem false in this:
 "That you for love speak well of me untrue;
 "My name be buried where my body is,
 "And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
 "For I am shamed by that which I bring forth
 "And so should you, to love things nothing worth."

(speaks) My lady Rutland, poor forsaken child!
 Immured within the walls of old Belvoir,
 Forget thy Roger in this dreary Tower.
 For fate has warned me of my quick dissolve.

(Knocking)

A knock! Ah! who should care to see this gloomy cell
 Or thus break in upon my wandering thoughts?

Enter Pembroke.

Pembroke! The one man left me in the world,
 With mind to grasp the secret of my heart!
 (they embrace)

Pemb: I come to bring thee cheer, fair cousin Rutland!
 The days of thy annoyance will soon pass.
 Tho thy release will come through dire calamity,
 Thy happiness I stake 'gainst all the world!
 The Queen hath taken ill and now is dying!

Rutland: The Queen is ill? The Queen about to die?

Pemb: 'Tis even so! When I came 'way from Court,
 To carry you the news, her mind was wandering!

Rutland: Not half as much as mine I warrant you
 For knew you but the gloomy labyrinth
 My mind hath paced in its bewildered state
 These last two years I tarried in these walls
 Thou'd pity my estate—!

Pemb: What morbid fancies now have seized thy brain?

Rutland: Pembroke, I fear the moon!
 (pointing to his forehead)

Pemb: Rutland, cheer up! The sun now waiting for thee

Will suck these humors like he does the dew,
The gentle rain will freshen up thy mind,
And once without these walls, thou'lt be thyself.

Rutland: Since last I saw thee, several moons now gone,
I eased my mind arranging my affairs.
This task is over and I've hit upon
Two men, the only two upon this earth,
Whom I can trust to manage my estate.

Pemb: Forget you, Rutland, thy estate is void
And has been confiscated to the Crown?

Rutland: Fie, Pembroke, dost thou think me mercenary,
A Rutland put ought value upon gold,
Or vast domains or aught of this vile earth—?
No, Pembroke, mark me well, my loving friend,
(pointing to his forehead)
I'd have thee play God-father to what's here!
There's somewhat tells me that my dissolution
Is but put off from day to day for me
Until a certain task that breedeth there
(pointing at his forehead)
Shall be performed!

Pemb: An wilt thou state the nature of that task?

Rutland: I cannot, Pembroke, but I'll set it down
In good fair script upon the finest parchment—
I'll seal it on my corpse—here in my breast—
And if the labor prove too much for thee
Provision's made! I've named Montgomery
Thy brother, and my cousin, will assist—

Pemb: (aside) To humor him I undertake the charge.
(aloud) In all things, Roger, mayst rely on me,
An I can answer for Montgomery.

Rutland: I knew thou'lt not refuse thy cousin Rutland
An feel released in thy security,
And should impediments e'er bar thy way,
Montgomery will order the affair.
Go, Pembroke, stay not in these dreary walls
Give me some leisure to assimilate
The burden of thine ominous report
The portent of the which will in a measure
Necessitate some alteration—

Pemb: Farewell then, cousin, think upon the days
In store for thee now that the Queen must die.

Rutland: If my remaining here could spare her life
I'd have myself immured within a dungeon
Where only Death, while bearing her away
Would take me with him for her company.

Pemb: Loyal to the last! Farewell, my cousin!

Rutland: Elizabeth? an art thou fall'n so low,
That tongue declines to utter thy commands?
Canst thou distinguish now 'twix friend and
foe,
Art seeking refuge at Death's clammy hands?
Long may you live, my Queen! Thy glorious
reign
Can ne'er be duplicated here on earth again!
(sits down at table, picks up Mss.)
Once more I will peruse these idle lines
To scatter thoughts distracting to my mind.

(reads) "But be contented—when that fell arrest,
"Without all bail, shall carry me away,
"My life hath in this line some interest
"Which for memorial still with thee shall stay,
"When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
"The very part was consecrate to thee—
"The earth can have but earth, which is his
due,
"My spirit is thine—the better part of me.
"So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
"The prey of worms—my body being dead;
"The coward conquest of a wretch's knife
"Too base of thee to be remembered.
"The worth of that is that which it contains,
"And 'that is this—and this with thee re-
mains!"

(speaks) The same dull thought will still pervade my
lines;
I must not take my life, my God forbids it!
And that dark fiend within me drives me on!
I must forsake my pen when thus my mind
Unconsciously doth drift into the grave.
I'll write a rondelay if but my muse is kind.
And banish thoughts that of oblivion rave—
(sits down to write)
Fate is against me, now my quill is spent!
(And I'll not see the gaoler until morn)
Thus fortune wills it that I give full vent
To that dread, doleful topic, I've forsworn!

This proves that a Divinity above us
Shapes all our ends to demonstrate He love
us—
For had my brain forged out a rondelay
'Twould be but proof my mind had gone as-
tray!

(Knocking)

Another savior knocking at the door
Rutland thou'rt in luck, what would you more?

Enter Montgomery.

Welcome, Montgomery my dear good Coz.,
An how's the world with thee?
Congratulate thyself, for entre nous,
You've saved a soul by dropping in on me!

Mont: Happy am I, dear cousin, if I have
Contributed one moment's cheerfulness
To thee in these thy dreary walls
I'd suffer anything to see you free—
Forsooth,—remain in these vile walls for thee!

Rutland: Cousin Montgomery I can read thy heart
But words, embryo in my aching breast,
Are not yet born to thank thee as I wish!

Mont: I've news for thee, and all may yet be well!
And hope to see you free within a month,
When Scottish James once issues from his shell
Thy fortune's made!

Rutland: How mean you, cousin, that my fortune's
made?

Mont: The Queen hath struck, but she is not yet
dead;
The Crown is taking shape of James's head!

Rutland: An could I give my all, my life to boot
To re-imbue Elizabeth with life,
Cousin, I'd do't!

Mont: Loyal to the last! So speaks a Briton!

Rutland: Cousin, a true heart e'er despiseth praise
For thoughts engendered by a loving God!
I'd be but like a cur did I not speak
The thoughts implanted with my very life!
Let's change the subject, my Montgomery
For I have weighty words to speak to thee!

Mont: Say on, fair coz, but know before you start
That Pembroke hath informed me of a part,

Rutland: To make it short, the matter's simply this:
The several plays I've written for the stage,
And some of which have played upon the
boards,
Are all collected in the manuscript,
And ready for the Stationer's entry.

Mont: I am amazed coz, at thy industry!

Rutland: The labor was but light, the numbers flew
By energy composed by unseen powers;
The seeds I spread upon my parchment grew
As if by magic into fragrant flowers!
Praise not, therefore my industry or will,
I'm but the medium of One higher still.
(pauses—walks up and down)

Mont: Pardon the interruption, pray proceed
With the injunction thou would'st lay upon me.

Rutland: 'Tis simply this, when all my work is done,
Pembroke and you at once take all control;
Have entry made at Stationer's Hall,
With dedication printed to you two—
Arrange with Burbage, Heminge and Condell
Without producing any manuscript,
To give permission of their several names
To foot the dedication.

Mont: I can and shall procure these signatures.

Rutland: Now mark me well, good coz. Montgomery,
I will that ten full years shall first have flown
Before these manuscripts go into print
And these ten years commencing on the day
When Roger Rutland's body turns to clay—
And should, when these ten years shall have
gone by
Some unforeseen impediment appear
Fear not delay, for there's no reason why
The matter should not rest another year—

Mont: Rely on Pembroke and myself, dear Coz.

To follow your instructions faithfully.

(Knocking)

Rut. Goes to the Door to Bar Entrance and Door Opens.

Rutland: What now, I cannot be disturbed; but stay
Who is it, what's his errand?

Gaoler at door: 'Tis that great hulk, comparisond as Falstaff

Rutland: An what knowst thou of Falstaff?

Gaoler: I saw him at the play the other night,
An recognized his trappings on the spot;
And when I chid him he made some defense
That burkers robbed his lodgings whilst he
slept,
Obliging him to draw upon the playhouse
For requisite apparel to come here—

Rutland: Admit him then! Montgomery, here is sport!

Mont: All pleases me that drives thy cares away!

Enter Shaxper (attired as Falstaff.)

Rutland: Now, by the Gods! an must these heavy walls
Resound with merriment and laughter?
Ha, ha! an has some fairy hand stretched forth
An placed me on Blackfriars' merry boards?

(Mont. also laughs heartily—Shax stands as tho dumbfounded)
Art thou an apparition? Do I dream?
Art thou my William Shaxper, or fat Falstaff?
That I created to amuse Prince Hal?

Shax: Tho in a garb unseemly to my station,
I did consider not the trick of eye—
But hastened to these blood bespotted walls
To bring you tidings of a sad affair!

Rutland: How true the sage remark that the Sublime
Is spaced from Ridicule by but a line!

Mont: Come cut it short! What is the news thou
hast?

Shax: **The Queen is dead!**

Rutland: My God!

Mont: You are saved!

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Throne Room (King James I on Throne.)

Courtiers, Ladies, Pages and Small Platform Stage for Players
—Enter Pembroke.

King James: Milord of Pembroke are arrangements met
For the production of that Falstaff scene
Where pert Prince Hal doth nail some mor-
strous lies?

Pemb: My liege, all is in readiness.

King James: Before we do begin at merry making
Have both the Earls of Rutland and South-
ampton
And both their ladies brought before me here!

Rutland, Southampton, and Ladies R. and S.
also **Montgomery and Bacon.**

King James: Milords, no doubt you've heard of my desire,
That both of you be fully reinstated
To all of that of which you were deprived
By complications of the previous reign—
(They kneel and rise again)

Rutland: I thank your majesty with all my heart!

Southampton: Words fail me, Sir, but this stout heart of
mine
Is yours from this day forth!

Lady South: Your Majesty has caused great happiness—

Lady Rut: That will reflect upon your glorious reign!

Kings James: An glad I am I've added to my court
Two families, for long the pride of England.

Now, let the play begin, an you milords and
ladies, find places where your view is to
advantage.

(General bustle arranging seats and stage for players.)

Exit Pembroke and Montgomery.

Gadshill Scene.

Scene. Boar's Head Tavern.

Prince Hal and Poina Seated at Table.

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto.

Poina: Welcome, Jack where hast thou been?

Falstaff: A plague on all cowards, I say, and a ven-
geance, too, marry, and amen!
Give me a cup of sack, boy.

Boy Brings Drink.

Ere I lead this life long I'll sew nethersocks
An mend them, an foot them, too—
A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of
sack,

Rogue—Is there no virtue extant?

(he drinks and then continues)

You rogue, there's lime in this sack too.
There's nothing but roguery to be found
in villainous man—

Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with
lime in it; a villainous coward. Go thy
ways,

Old Jack, die when thou wilt. If manhood be
not forgot upon earth—then I am a shot-
ten herring.

There live not three good men unchanged in
England and one of them is fat and
grows old.

I would I were a weaver—I could sing psalms
or anything—A plague of all cowards! I
say still.

Prince: How now, woolsack, what mutter you?

Falstaff: A King's Son! If I do not beat thee out of thy
Kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive
all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of
wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face
'more—You Prince of Wales!

Prince: Why, you villainous round man, what's the
matter?

Falstaff: Are you not a coward? Answer me that—and
Poina there?

Poina: Zounds! ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward,
I'll stab thee!

Falstaff: I call thee coward? I'll see thee hanged e're I
call thee coward;
But I will give a thousand pounds I could run
as fast as thou canst. You are straight
enough in the shoulders, you care not who
sees your back—Call you that backing of
your friends? A plague upon such back-
ing! Give me them that will face me—
Give me a cup of sack—I'm a rogue if I
drink to-day.

Prince: O, villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since
thou drinkest last!

Falstaff: All's one for that (drinks) A plague of all
cowards, still say I;

Prince: What's the matter?

Falstaff: What's the matter! There be four of us here
have taken a thousand pounds this morn-
ing!

Prince: Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

Falstaff: Where is it! taken from us it is—a hundred
upon poor four of us—

Prince: What, a hundred, man?

Falstaff: I am a rogue if I was not at half sword with
a dozen of them two hours together—I
have 'scaped by miracle—I am eight times
thrust through the doublet; four through
the hose; my buckler cut through and
through. My sword hacked like a hand
saw: Ecce Signum! I never dealt better
since I was a man: All would not do—A
plague of all cowards! Let them speak

(pointing to Gadshill). Bardolph—Peto, an if they speak more or less than Truth, they they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince: Speak Sirs, how was it?

Gads: We four set upon some dozen—

Falstaff: Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads: And bound them.

Peto: No, no, they were not bound—

Falstaff: You rogue, they were bound, every man of them.

Gads: As we were sharing—some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Falstaff: And bound the rest; and then came in the other—

Prince: What, fought ye with them all?

Falstaff: All? I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish. If there were not two or three and fifty upon old Jack, then I am no two legged creature!

Prince: Pray heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Falstaff: Nay, that's past praying for. I have peppered two of them. Two I am sure I have paid—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face and call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward. Here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince: What! Four? Thou saidst but two even now.

Falstaff: Four, Hal, I told thee four.

Poins: Ay, ay, he said four—

Falstaff: These four came all afront and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado and took all their seven points in my target thus—

Prince: Seven? Why there were but four even now—

Falstaff: In buckram?

Poins: Ay, four in buckram suits.

Falstaff: Seven by these hilts, or I am a villain else—

Prince: Prithee, let him alone, we shall have more anon—

Falstaff: Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince: Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Falstaff: Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine men in Buckram that I told thee of—

Prince: So, two more already.

Falstaff: —their points being broken, began to give ground; but I followed me close; came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince: O, monstrous! Eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Falstaff: But three knaves in kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince: These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable—why, thou clay brained paunch; thou knot pated fool, thou greasy tallow keech—

Falstaff: What! art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

Prince: Why how couldst thou know these men in kendal green when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason? What sayest thou to this?

Poins: Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Falstaff: What upon compulsion? No, were I at the Strapade, or all the racks in the world I'd not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries I would give no man a reason on compulsion, I.

Prince: I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this horseback breaker; this huge hill of flesh—

Falstaff: Away, you starveling; you eel skin; you dried meats tongue; you stockfish—O, for breath to utter what is like thee! You tailor's yard; you sheath; you bow case; you vile standing tuck,—

Prince: Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again, and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this—

Poins: Mark, Jack.

Prince: We two saw you four set on four, you bound them; then did we two set on you four, outfaced you from your prize, and have it—and, Falstaff, you carried your paunch away as nimble as with quick dexterity and roared for mercy—and still ran and roared as ever I heard bull calf. Ha, hack thy sword and say it was in fight!

Falstaff: Ha, ha! I knew ye as well as he that made ye—
Why, hear ye my masters, was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince?
Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct.
The lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter;
I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life. I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads I am glad you got the money.
Hostess clap to the doors—watch to-night—pray to-morrow.
Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry?
Shall we have a play extempora?

Prince: Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Falstaff: Ah, no more of that. Hal, an thou lovest me

Curtain.

Re-enter Pembroke and Montgomery.

Rutland: Cousins, you were delayed I take it, An that you missed the play but now concluded.

Pemb: We were in time to see the latter end—

Mont: But tarried at the door not to intrude.

Lady South: How like the actor Shaxper is that Falstaff! No need for him to wig and dress the part.

Rutland: That is the secret of the author's art, In his successfully depicting life!

Southampton: And not resemble pasteboard manikins Hung upon wires for manipulation!

King James: Milord Montgomery kindly look without and if the author has not yet departed Bring him to me, I would have speech with him.

Mont: I will return with Master Shaxper in a minute.

Exit Mont.

King James: (to Rutland) "That Falstaff is a character I dote upon, milord Rutland and on the morrow we shall have 'The Merry Wives.'"

Rutland: The character, I take it, my good King, is played without the blemishes that art would bring. For to the audiences at the show, as 'mongst his friends at home or on the street the actor and this Falstaff are the same.

Enter Shaxper and Montgomery.

Shax: The King,—the King hath sent for me—
(aside) The Lord defend my making any slips

King James: Step hither, Master Shaxper, thou playst well.
How long a time hast thou devoted to it?

Shax: The part of Falstaff—or the art of playing?

Rutland: (aside) The part of Falstaff played he all his life—

King James: Stage playing as a living; a profession.

Shax: Since ninety-three or thereabouts I reckon
An may it please your gracious majesty.

King James: And laborest long and hard at writing plays?
Who like automaton worked by, the muses
Produces stuff rythmetical as thine—

Shax: 'Tis so, my King, the Lord is good to me!

Rutland: (aside) An if the King but knew the lord he meant—

King James: To satisfy a fancy of my mood
I pray you take some paper and a quill,
And write me such an offspring of thy brain
The while we stand and wait upon thy muse!
(to courtier) Bring paper, ink and pen without delay!

Rutland: (aside) Poor fellow, now indeed I pity him!
(paper, pen and ink are brought—
Shax. sits at table and muses (near front)—

Shax: (aside) Pray God in heaven help me out in this
I cannot write much more than mine own name
And that resembles more a chicken scratch
That puts the art of writing to the shame.
Thank God! I have it. 'Tis an epilogue—
I did compose an epilogue unto the "Tempest"
This Master Jonson did write down for me
When I feigned laziness, when he did ask—
I know the lines by heart. But aye, to write them
Stumps my ability!
I'll make some scratches to resemble script
And sign my name as all the world shall know it
This epilogue were easier to be lipped
Than make a scrawl like this and then to show it!
Here goes! (feigns writing)

King James: (to Rut.) It doth appear his muse is not at home
Or is the fellow writing a whole tome?

Rutland: Ascribe delaying to his nervousness
(aside) Whate'er he writes is sure to be a mess!

Shax: (rising and holding paper)
I beg my gracious King for his permission
To speak the lines my muse hath brought to me.

King James: Aye, then recite them but give me the script.

Shax: It is an epilogue I had intended
To grace the ending of my latest play.
'Tis of a tempest with much magic blended.
The play and this—will be in print one day.

(Hands Paper to King.)

(Recites)
"Now my charms are all o'erthrown
"And what strength I have's my own
"Which is most faint—now 'tis true
"I must be here confin'd by you
"Or sent to Naples. Let me not
"Since I have my dukedom got
"And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
"In this bare island by your spell
"But release me from my bands
"With the help of your good hands."

Rutland: (aside) What execrable jargon is this
An must my gold then be alloyed
With such base metal?

King James: The mus', good master Shaxper has not been
Quite as propitious as would be her wont.
I miss the rythm and the silver ring
As in thy plays where numbers fairly sing!

Shax: Indeed, I'm helpless here in all this glare
'Tis my indisposition lays me bare!

(aside) When will this end—O, I am on the rack!
I hope the King gives me that paper back.

King James: (looking at writing on paper)
In looking at the writing on this sheet
Instead of quill—reminds of chicken's feet—
God help us, if the plays that you have writ
In all your manuscript resembles it!
For not a word of this can I make out.
Thy labor's difficult without a doubt.
Go, master Shaxper, at another time
Thou furnish better—both in script and rhyme!

Exit Shaxper.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II. Room in Belvoir Castle.

Seat of the Earl of Rutland. 9 Years After.

Rutland seated at table near a statue of Pallas with Spear.

Rutland: The day has come, and it is none too soon
To carry out what long was in my mind.
Hold Rutland guiltless—blame it on the moon
That shone upon my pact when it was signed!
The plays and other numbers that I've writ
Must never own the author of their birth
The house of Rutland dare not own a wit
Who pandered to the common rabble's mirth.
Of all intention Rutland hath no blame
My muse flowed from an overeager quill
That balked at nothing, but at Rutland's name—
Was independent of the writer's will.

(Walks Back and Forth) Takes Mss. From the Table.

An if these lines e'er meet with curious eyes
That cannot fathom their express intent—
'Tis just as well, their portent never dies.
They never could be read as they were meant!

(reads)
"Not marble—not the gilded monuments
"Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.
"But you shall shine more bright in these contents,
"Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish time.
"When wastefull war shall statues overturn,
"And broils root out the work of masonry,
"Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
"'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
"Shall you pace forth—your praise shall still find room,
"Even in the eyes of all posterity,
"That wear this world out to the ending doom.
"So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
"You live in this, and dwell in lover's eyes."

(speaks)
When ages hence these lines again see light
Their understanding still will hover dark
And philosophic fancy in its flight
May strike these stars and not emit a spark!

Enter Lady Rutland.

(Closely observing Rutland, who is walking to and fro whilst speaking Prospero's meaningful lines in "Tempest")

Rutland: "Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves
"And ye that on the sands with printless foot
"Do chase the ebbing Neptune—do not fly him
"When he comes back * * *
"To the dread rattling thunder have I given fire
"And rifted Jove's stout oak with his own bolt * * *
"By my so potent art—
"But this rough magic I here abjure
"And when I have requir'd some heavenly music
"Which even now I do (soft music)
"To work my end upon their senses that
"This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
"Bury it certain fathoms in the earth
"And, deeper than did ever plummet sound
"I'll drown my book."

Lady Rut: Do still these darksome humors trouble thee?
Forbear, O Roger, thou art killing me.

Cannot I drive thy morbid thoughts away?
Then let thy wife fall likewise to their prey.
These walls tho lined with brightest gold
Appear, with thee so ill, decayed and old;
Come, Roger, bear thee up and end this strife
Admit some sunshine in thy dreary life.

Rutland: Elizabeth, thou angel of my soul!
Thinkst thou I am the author of my woe?
No, sweetheart, search where ominous thunders roll,
Or in the ocean's depth where lurks my foe;
Far beyond reach of those soft hands of thine
And too elusive for the grasp of mine.

Lady Rut: Nay, let us walk about the garden path,
And cull some fragrant flowers growing there.
We'll thus escape thy jealous demon's wrath
While suckling in the fresh healthgiving air—
Come, Roger, let thy wife not plead in vain.
Invite some sunshine to thy gloomy brain!

Rutland: I'm chained, my love, I cannot stir a step;
Go forth alone and leave me to my doom.
Too late, my darling wife, now for regret
I'm doomed, my wife, to never leave this room.

Lady Rut: Had God but given us a little child,
I feel the mind would ne'er have been beguiled!
I'll go before, and there prepare a seat,
And you will come to me. Now, won't you sweet?

Rutland: Go, my Elizabeth, if I have strength
To break the bonds now holding me in check,
My last endeavor may succeed at length
When I will fly to meet thy yearning beck!

Lady Rut: I go, my Roger, keep me not too long.

Exit Lady Rut.

Rutland: Farewell, fair girl, we'll never meet again!
The Demon calleth. All resistance vain!
(takes vial from bosom)
This brings to mind the words young Hamlet spake:
To be or not to be; to sleep, to wake
To suffer slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against them.
E'en then when Goddess Pallas did dictate
Those lines to me in my receptive state
I felt their drift work through the thick walled Tower.
That this would be my last—my dying hour!
The month of June, when all the world is gay,
Hath been ordained to see me pass away!
Even then my ever beckoning muse did fix

(sits down) The very day—to-day! June twenty-six!

Farewell, Elizabeth, a long farewell!
(drinks from vial)
E'en now I hear to-morrow's tolling bell!
(reclines on couch)
At last, thou Demon, thus art thou defied—
Thy triumph came when Rutland Shakes-
Spear died!

(Dies.)

Enter Lady Rutland.

Lady Rut: I could not tarry, Roger,—ah, he sleeps!
(Kisses him)
So still, so soft, so calm—but, O, the dread!
Roger! Wake up! my husband thou art dead!
What's life to me, with Rutland in his grave.
The vial's still half full; I will be brave!

(Drinks) Knels by Rutland, embracing him.

Thus let us rest whatever may betide,
In close embrace we sleep hence side by side!

(Dies.)

Epilogue.

The Statue of Pallas, Spear in Hand, Descends From Pedestal and Comes Forward.

Pallas: Know, I am Pallas which denoteth "Shake"
And this my spear is ever at my side
'Twas I who made the noble Rutland take
My name 'neath which his writings were to hide!

His soul, now fled, hath lodged within my shell
To tarry, whilst I point out with this lance
The Truth, and in Truth's name I speak to tell
'Twas "brandished at the face of ignorance!"
Three hundred years 'tis now the Truth lay dead
Whilst Literature worshipped at another's shrine
Where Blind led the blind and ignorance was fed
I, standing by, till now would give no sign!

For every year of Rutland's stay on earth,
Until there stormed a "Tempest" in his brain,
He wrote **One** play of excellence and worth
And our "Prospero" ne'er touched pen again!

The day hath come, and Truth compels my speech:
Our author lies at beautiful Belvoir!
Now let the Owls 'round Stratford church-yard screech,
Whilst Pallas bids the public au revoir!

CURTAIN.



1590—LONDON—1625.



SHAXPER AS FALSTAFF.

1/3/1909.

FAIRCHILD'S MAGAZINE

(THE MAN'S BOOK)

MARCH

1909



THE REAL AUTHOR
OF THE
SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS

VOLUME I

\$1.00 A YEAR

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NUMBER VI

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(THE MAN'S BOOK)

FOR
MARCH, 1909



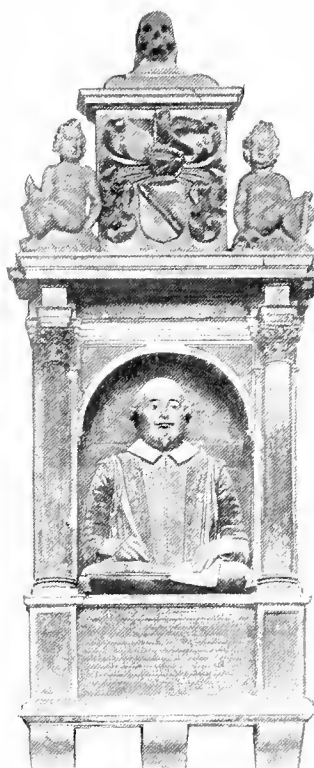
Spring Ideas as Expressed in Frock, Cutaway and Morning Coats



Pembroke.



Bacon.



Jonson.

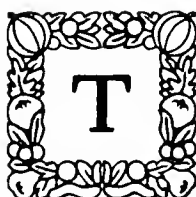


Southampton.

ROGER OF RUTLAND. A Drama in Four Acts.

BY LEWIS F. BOSTELMANN.

INTRODUCTION.



HIS drama was written with a view to placing before the public in the most concise manner the results arrived at after the most exhaustive search among still existing records.

All the circumstances attending the life of Roger Manners, Fifth Earl of Rutland, lead to but one result, and that is, that he, and no other, is the author of the plays, sonnets and poems known as Shake-Speare's.

The author of this drama is in possession of data that will in due course of time be published in a book expounding the subject in every detail.

Until then this drama, now sent upon its mission, must accomplish the purpose of the author to set forever at rest the doubt of three centuries.

To satisfy the pardonable curiosity of our readers we here print a short biography of this "monster of intellect," as Samuel Taylor Coleridge termed him.

Roger Manners was born on October 6, 1576, in the ancestral Castle of Belvoir, near Grantham, in Rutlandshire, where the years of his childhood were principally spent. He was styled Lord Roos.

On the death of his father in February (21st), 1588, Roger succeeded to the title and estates, becoming the Fifth Earl of Rutland. He was a very precocious boy and physically developed beyond the general run of boys at twelve years of age. In a letter still extant he writes his mother that he "is getting too big for his clothes."

Entering Corpus Christi, Cambridge, his innate genius brought forth in 1593 his "Venus and Adonis," which he dedicated to his intimate friend Henry Wriothesly (Earl of Southamp-

ton), whose birthday fell upon the same day upon which Roger saw the light, October 6, 1573. Southampton was therefore exactly three years his senior. In 1594 Rutland, highly pleased with his first success, again dedicated to his friend his second production, "The Rape of Lucrece." (Byron, De Quincey, Chatterton and others have shown similar abilities in early youth.)

On February 20, 1595, Rutland received his M. A. from Cambridge, and early in 1596 accompanied Essex (Robert Devereux) on his expedition to the Azores. The fleet being scattered by a severe tempest he returned to England without delay, with the data for his great play, "Tempest," in his pocket.

He immediately started for the Continent and was soon entered at the University of Padua, where in his leisure moments he remodeled the old play of the "Shrew," the action of which was first at Athens. He changed the locality to Padua (as it now is) and utilized the story of "Sly," the Wilmet Tinker, as a "fore play," to let his dummy, Shaxper, know exactly where he stood.

While sojourning in northern Italy he found leisure and opportunity to visit all the principal cities mentioned in his plays, and at Mantua particularly observed Julio Romano's incomparable Cupid he makes mention of.

At Padua he enjoyed the friendship and companionship of two young Danish gentlemen, who, like himself, were at the university there. These gentlemen bore the familiar names of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

In 1598 Rutland returned to England and entered Grays Inn, where he was dubbed the "clever student from Padua." This year he also crossed over to Holland and joined the Duke of Northumberland at his headquarters there.

Returning from Holland he mar-

Signature of Roger, Fifth Earl of Rutland.

ried early in March, 1599, Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Philip Sidney, who brought him a rich dowry in MSS. of her celebrated father.

Essex married the mother of Lady Elizabeth, thus becoming the step-father-in-law of Rutland.

Lord Southampton had, after many stormy scenes, married Lady Elizabeth Vernon, a cousin of Essex, and the events of this marriage are more particularly set forth in "Much Ado About Nothing," and so intimate are the allusions to various family secrets that could alone be known to Rutland, Essex and Southampton, that further comment on the Stratford bumkin's authorship must fall flat.

In April Rutland was appointed Colonel of Foot and joined his regiment with Essex in Ireland. In May he was knighted by Essex. Returning from Ireland he received on July 10 his M. A. from Oxford.

On July 14, 1600, Rutland was appointed steward of Nottingham and to various other similar honorary positions by Queen Elizabeth (among others, Keeper of Sherwood Forest, Robin Hood's old haunts, which gave him local color for "As You Like It," which, to better veil his pseudonymity, he located in the Arden forest, in the neighborhood of the home of his dummy Shaxper). This year he spent much of his time at the Blackfriars' Theater, in company with Lord Southampton.

February 8, 1601, brought much trouble to Rutland. "Sword in hand he rushed" at the side of Essex and Southampton to chastize the gold-laced courtiers festering at the footstool of good Queen Bess.

He landed in the Tower: his vast estates were confiscated and he was fined £30,000—to make sure to leave him penniless. Rutland describes his feelings pretty well in his one hundred and eleventh sonnet. In February, 1603, upon the accession of James I, he was released, his fine remitted and his estates restored.

The King visited Belvoir on June 9, this year, and heaped additional honors upon Rutland. On June 23 James sent him to Denmark to represent His Majesty at the christening of the daughter of Christian IV, where Rutland renewed his acquaintance with his old university chums of Padua memory, immortalizing them in "Hamlet." The following year Rutland retired to his estates and remained there, barring a visit to the metropolis now and then, until the end of his days.

In 1605 Sir Griffin Markham, of Beskwood, to avenge a fancied slight, endeavored to mix Rutland up with the Priests' plot, which was the forerunner of the famous Gun Powder Plot. The King, however, would give no credence to this slur.

From 1605 to 1608 Rutland busied himself with the important work of filing, smoothing and perfecting all the plays he had previously written; making many important changes in many of them.

On the 23d of April, King James visited Rutland at Belvoir, at which time he knighted Roger's younger brother,

Oliver, and heaped further honors upon the recluse of Belvoir.

The following year King James appointed Rutland steward of honor to Long Bennington, and on June 24, of the same year, steward of Mansfield, County Notts.

The next two years, 1610 and 1611, Rutland occupied himself with revising old plays and writing those which are to this day admitted to be the last from the pen of the author of the Shakesperian plays.

In 1612 Rutland put the final touches to his "Tempest," and to the wonder, surprise and consternation of his family and friends, ended his earthly career on the 26th day of June, and Lady Rutland followed him to the grave within a few days.

The original dates of entry at Stationers' Hall of most of the plays give but a slight indication of the exact dates upon which they were written. All the plays were, however, thor-

oughly revised before Rutland's death and put in the hands of his wife's cousins, Pembroke and Montgomery, for final publication at the expiration of ten years, or as much longer a time as suited their convenience.

To these two noblemen, Pembroke and Montgomery, does the world owe a debt second only to that which it owes to the greatest author of all times, Roger Manners, the Fifth Earl of Rutland.

The first act appears on page 19 of this issue. The drama will be continued in subsequent issues of this magazine.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Roger, fifth Earl of Rutland, the author of "Shakespeare's" Works.

Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, intimate friend of Rutland.

Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, father-in-law of Rutland—Queen's favorite.

Wm. Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, cousin to Rutland's wife—formerly Lady Sidney.

Ph. James Herbert, Earl of Montgomery, cousin to Rutland's wife—formerly Lady Sidney.

Francis Bacon, Queen's counselor.

Lord Sidney, a courier (Queen's spy.)

William Shaxper, actor, dummy for Rutland—on account name "William Shaxper" of Stratford-on-Avon.

Burbage }
Heminge } Proprietors Blackfriars' Theater.
Condell }

Ben Jonson, author friend to Shaxper.

Lady Vernon, cousin to Essex—afterward wife of Southampton.

Lady Sidney, stepdaughter to Essex—afterward wife of Rutland.

Queen Elizabeth of England.

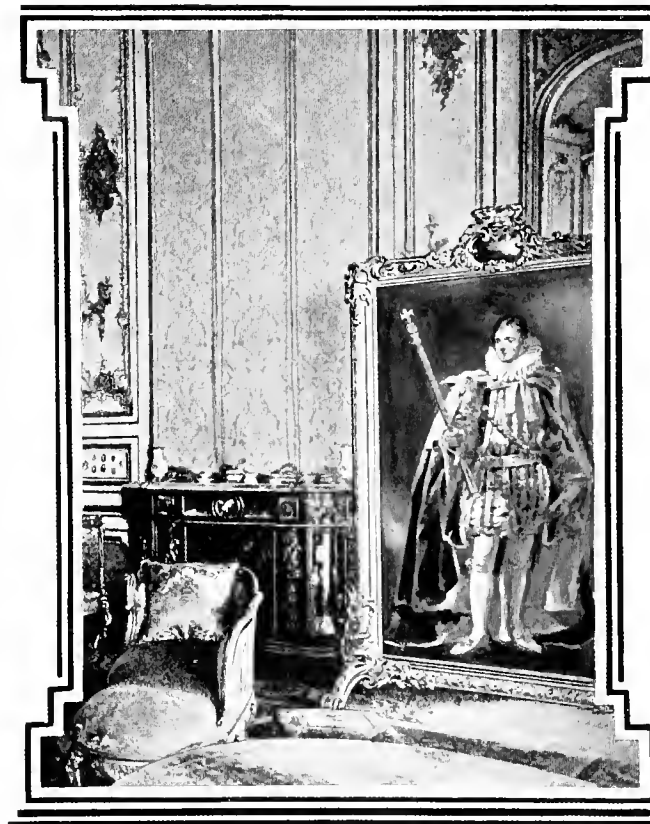
King James I. of England.

Two stable boys.

Courtiers, keepers, messengers, people, etc., actors for hy-plays.

Ladies, maids, etc.

Pallas (a statue).



Portrait of Rutland at Belvoir Castle.

(Act One on Page Nineteen)

THE HYGIENE OF BODY COVERINGS.



WE now come to consider the subject of clothing as a means of preserving health. We will first note the physiological fact that the body is constantly losing heat, both by conduction and evaporation. In cold weather the object of wearing clothing, aside from the fact that we are actually compelled by law to cover our nakedness, is to prevent this loss of the heat of the body as far as possible. In warm weather we try to promote it. In the first place clothing, especially that worn next to the body, the undersuit and outer shirt, should be light, durable and easily cleansed. It should be of such a character as to allow the escape of the excretions of the skin and at the same time not to be a means of absorption of the moisture from without.

As to the merits of the different fabrics commonly worn, linen is a good conductor and favors the escape of animal heat, and the moisture it takes up is readily absorbed by exposure to the air. Linen, therefore, is best adapted for summer use, but should never be worn next to the skin, particularly by the person who undergoes much physical exertion and perspires freely, as linen when moist cools too quickly and will not prevent sudden chills.

Cotton is a poor conductor of heat, more so than linen, but ranks next to it as a fabric for summer wear. Yet of recent years, because of the heavier weights in undersuits of cotton, it has become more popular for all the year round.

Woolen possesses the property of taking up moisture and giving it out slowly. This gives it a great advantage as an article of clothing, particularly for wear next to the body. Cotton and linen are easily wet, while woolen is scarcely dampened, during perspiration. The evaporation from the surface of the body is necessary to reduce the heat which is generated by exercise. When the exertion is over the evaporation will still go on and to such an extent as to sometimes bring on a chill. It is in these cases that woolen is especially valuable, for it gives off its moisture so slowly that chill is prevented. Wool, indeed, stands at the head of all wearing fabrics, and when it can be tolerated should be constantly worn next to the

skin. In the tropics it is the only way to preserve health, and in warm latitudes the first advice a physician gives a patient suffering with cholera or diarrhoea is to put on a cholera belt. This is a simple band made of flannel or of knit wool, which covers the abdomen and is worn next to the skin. This alone in many cases will prevent bowel trouble. If you are contemplating a journey, this is a good thing to remember.

The color of clothing should be taken into consideration. Black absorbs heat on a sunny day. The power of absorption decreases as the shades grow lighter. Black absorbs most; blue next; then green; yellow and lastly white. Dark clothes will also absorb more moisture than light.

All garments should be as light in weight as possible. Weight does not imply warmth. Heavy clothing often becomes a burden and a source of fatigue and discomfort. Warmth is better attained by putting on several layers of light, loose-fitting garments. It is not the clothing itself, but the air that has been thrown off from the body and imprisoned which secures warmth.

Tight-fitting garments obstruct the circulation of the blood and restrict the natural movements of the body, and not infrequently produce bodily ailments if not deformities. The motions of the chest and abdomen should not be interfered with, as there is probably no part where freedom of action and circulation is so essential. At the juncture of the chest and abdomen are located the lower portions of the lungs, the spleen, liver, stomach, diaphragm, and also several large blood vessels. Every function of the body calls for the utmost freedom of the movement of these vital organs, and in this important region, if compression is applied, especially in the young, the bones are constricted and lifelong deformity is the result.

Some people imagine that children may be hardened by exposure, and in a great many cases positive injury is produced by this method. The waste of heat entails a lowering of the vitality and naked arms and legs of children, which are considered fashionable by some mothers, prevent proper growth and may permanently impair the child's constitution.

UNCONVENTIONAL DETAILS IN CONVENTIONAL DRESS.

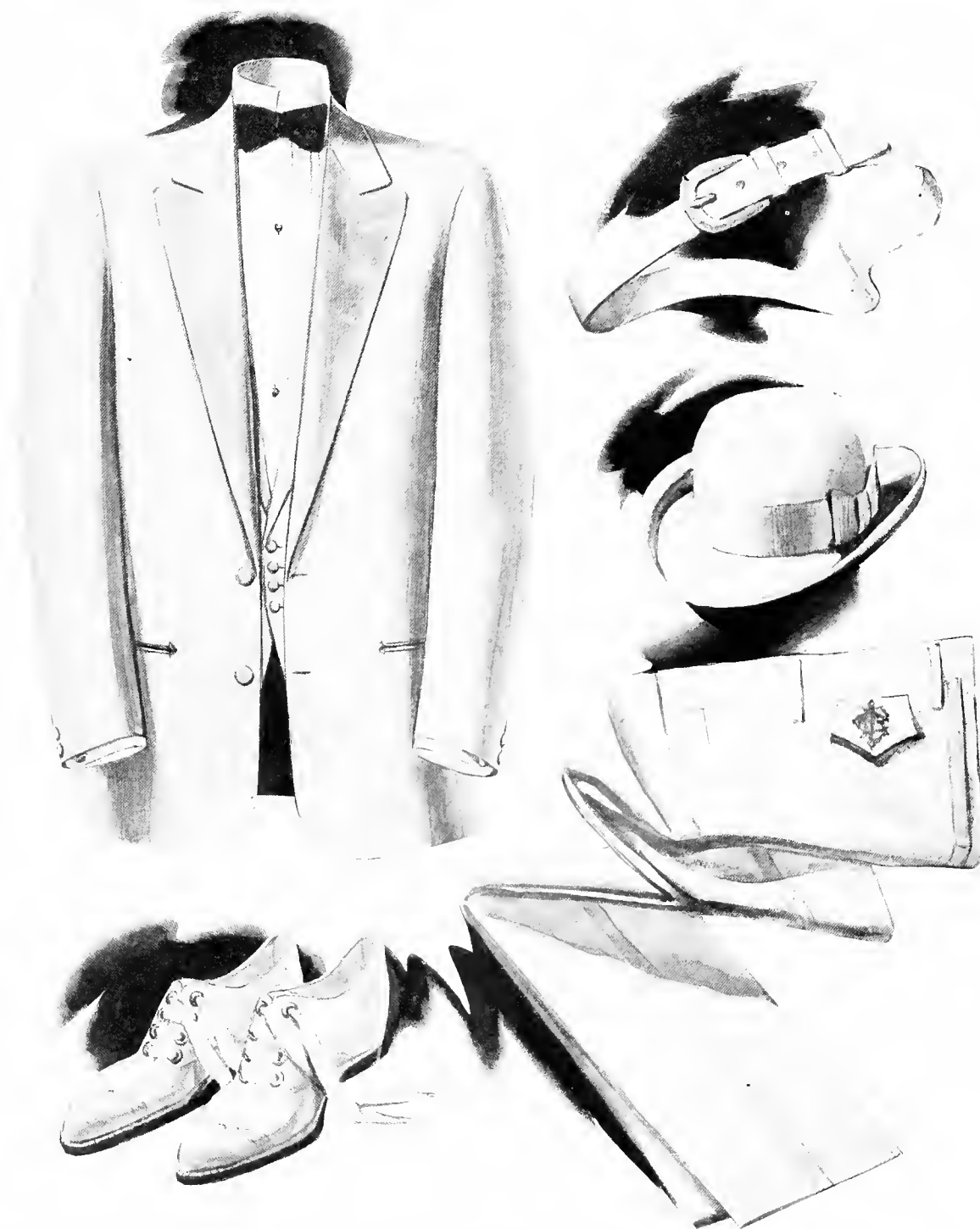
AT every one of the season's events where society has gathered in numbers there has been seen one or more departures from conventional fashion and, although in some cases apparently only a trifling deviation from what has hitherto been accepted as correct, it has borne an air of distinction sufficiently important to mark it for attention. This is in part true of the ultra-fashionable men who have but recently been seen wearing dress coats with the lapels silk faced to within about half an inch of the edges. In this one seemingly little detail of style they get away from the generality that continues, the present very popular faced-to-the-edge style of dress coat trimming, and in another detail there is an unusual note; this is wearing with the white dress waistcoat an edging of black silk cord on the fold of the neck opening. The two features here described are illustrated in the accompanying cut. Attention is also called to the rather sharp angle in the cut of the dress coat, where the tails join the front, a change again in the fashioning from the curved line which marks the cut of the garment most generally seen.



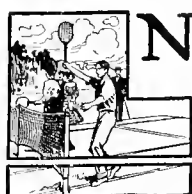
"Clawhammer" with Lapels Silk Faced in Novel Manner.

There are various new touches noticeable in the evening waistcoats of most recent introduction that might be taken as indicative of the fact that some of the modes of the moment are tending dangerously near to frippery and brocade. One of these innovations is a garment of silk, pearl gray, with self-embroidery in flower design bordering the lower part of each side. Nor are we so far off the brocade of our forefathers when fashionables of the present day have the temerity to adorn themselves with such pretty finery as a cream-colored silk in satin brocade of all-over floral design. There is something of a novelty, too, in the cut of the opening of a waistcoat that will doubtless appeal to those whose fancy runs to oddities. Instead of a U-shaped opening the cut is on an obtuse angle, the opening being a trifle wider than is given to some of the waistcoats of recent make whose openings represent a composite of the V and the U shape.

This tendency toward a bit of novelty in evening dress, both formal and semi-formal, by way of deviation from former severe lines, if it is not the direct expression of individual taste, would be rather difficult to define. Whether it is the result of the recent fancy styling in street wear, now gradually becoming plainer, or that it is distinctly a development apart from this influence, it is altogether impossible to determine.



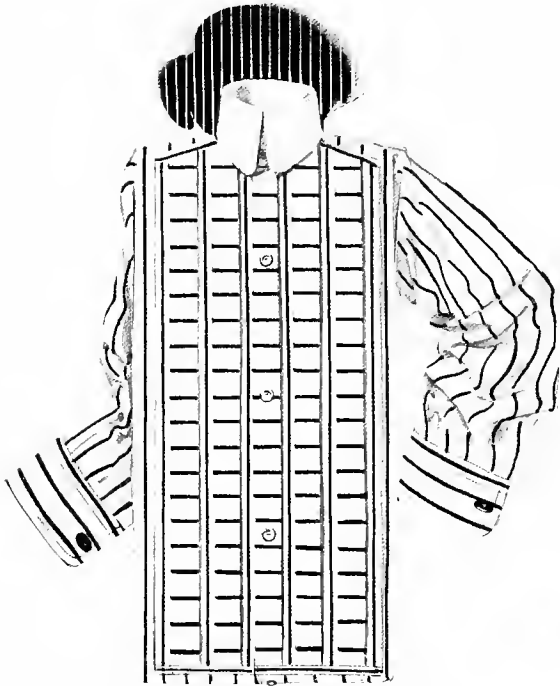
SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE TRIP TO FLORIDA.



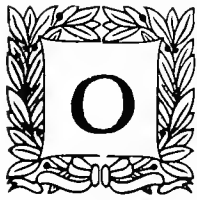
NOW that there is such an exodus to the South and the Florida season is in full swing there are many delightful white garments that one may slip into one's trunk which are entirely suitable for sunny climates, although when one is buying them in New York with the thermometer near the freezing point, one wonders if there can possibly be a place anywhere on earth where one will have any use for them. Chief among these white clothes

may be mentioned the white dinner suit, which is shown above; the white hat and the white buckskin oxfords, which complete the outfit. White belts and white outing shoes are also in demand, and even straw hats and bathing suits, these days. White flannel outing suits and shirts for tennis and boating and a number of really summery things that seem very much out of season in the North, but are essential to real enjoyment on your trip, should certainly find a place in your trunk if you are contemplating a sojourn in the "sunny South."

THE ADVENT OF THE SPRING SHIRT.



New Pleated Shirt With Horizontal Stripes.



ONE of the striking things about contemporary metropolitan life is the tendency we all have to buy things out of season. As soon as it begins to snow someone is sure to want strawberries—and it is no longer a very difficult matter to get them, either. Not so very long ago a diminutive blizzard struck New York, and it seemed as if this was all that was required to bring forth the spring flowers. The windows of the florist shops were, many of them, gotten up with pussy-willows and white lilacs. No one is surprised these days to see people wearing white lilacs—or eating strawberries, for that matter—in midwinter. The products of the various seasons are cleverly controlled by man's ingenuity in the Twentieth Century.

THE seasonable unseasonableness of everything connected with modern urban life is a foregone conclusion. It is therefore not at all surprising, before the actual passing of winter, to find the windows of many of the prominent furnishers' shops filled with spring shirts of every conceivable hue and color, the advance guard of what we are to wear for the next few months. So many and so varied are the fabrics that the being shown that it is almost impossible to tell whether the colored shirts or those made of materials having white grounds are the most in demand. It is safe to say, however, that the shirts that will be worn during the next few months will be elaborate and remarkably handsome affairs.

SOME of the very exclusive shops are showing new shirts made of elaborately figured designs. They are very expensive but are hardly likely to be popular, as shirtings with figured patterns will not pleat very well, and there seems to be not the slightest doubt but that nearly all of the new

shirts will have pleated bosoms. In fact, in spite of the number and variety of negligee shirts that are being shown just now, it is predicted that there will be fewer negligee shirts—negligee, technically speaking, means a soft-laundered shirt without a pleated bosom—worn from now on than ever before, and that this pattern of shirt is soon to become as infrequent as the stiff-bosom colored shirt. And that, as every one knows, is affected only by a decided minority now. The less starch there is in a shirt the better the smartly dressed men of to-day seem to be pleased. This is a mistake, by the way, because the collar, especially a wing collar—if you happen to care for wing collars—never sets so well on a soft-laundered shirt as it does on a shirt with a bosom. Then, too, the studied carelessness of a soft-laundered shirt requires that a man have a certain "air" in order to carry it off—the wearing of such a garment does not, in most cases, give him that air.

PLEATS, however, are characteristic of nearly all the new shirts, and practically all the new shirtings are striped. As stripes pleat better than anything else, they are likely to hold their own for some time to come. These stripes are of

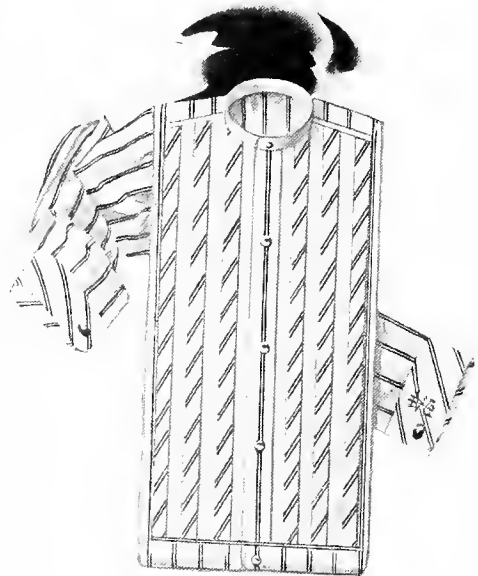
all colors and in the most brilliant effects. Some of the new shirtings have the spacing between the stripes (which are of various widths, some with figure designs woven on them), either wide or narrow. Some have wide stripes—multi-colored and with Persian designs—alternating with very narrow grouped pin stripes in harmonious shades. Others have a vine pattern alternating with the narrow stripes. Some of the newest shirts for afternoon wear are made of striped madras in many colors, but with the stripes so disposed across the surface of the fabric in various groupings that the general effect is that of an all-over pattern. Others are made of striped madras having a center pleat in a contrasting color, the latter, which is woven into the goods, edging the cuffs also.

WHILE many of these striped shirtings have white grounds, yet

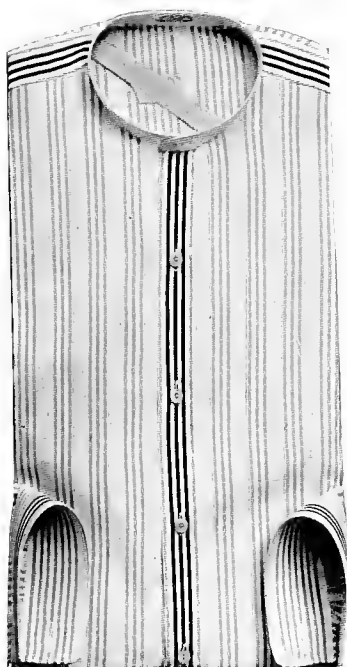


Negligee With Embroidered Center Pleat.

there are as many others with grounds of slate—particularly popular at the moment—blue, green, brown and the various "gold" effects now in vogue. It is to be remembered, also, that one is perfectly safe in purchasing pink shirts, as more pinks are being worn all the time—this happy color

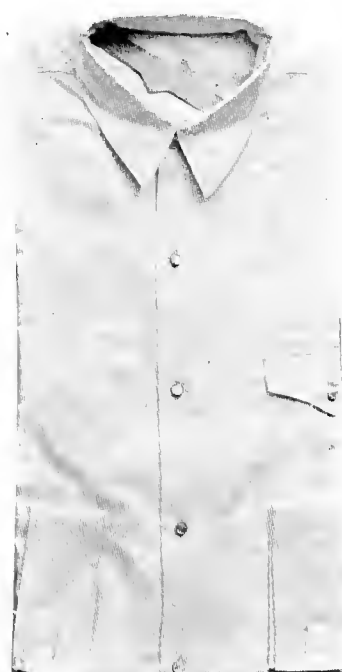


Diagonal Effect.



Striped Madras Shirt with Center Pleat in Contrasting Color, the Latter Edging the Cuffs Also.

in the imported fabrics, seem a little brighter than heretofore; the effects produced are along bolder and stronger lines. The stripe, now so elaborate in design, has come to have an individuality of its own that has been, until now, quite foreign to it. Some of the newer fabrics have ombre stripes, two-toned designs and shaded weaves which are so brilliant in their effect as to be only suitable for use in bosoms and cuffs. In combination with a plain body, however, they are extraordinarily worth while. Some very unusual shirts of this kind have stripes in a broken



Outing Shirt of Fancy Striped Oxford Cloth, Buttons Unpierced, in Imitation of Studs.

being no longer tabooed by the best-dressed men. It is to be noted, however, that when pink is worn it is usually one of the queer new shades and not the impossible rose that one is apt to associate with the "dead game sport" of comic illustration. A number of the new shirtings have cross-bar patterns that are very effective.

IT is an easy matter enough to write that the new shirtings are for the most part striped—green, tan, blue, brown, helio or black, on a white or harmonizing ground. It sounds more or less like an old story. But the colors, especially

ever. One is almost inclined to wonder if they button down the back!

IT is probable that there will be a particular demand for silk shirts this season, and the popularity of the shirt made of French flannel is an established fact. These French flannels come in the most exquisite shades, lovely pastel tones, wonderful pinks, curious gold effects, dove grays, sea greens and the like, and when worn with scarfs of a sister or contrasting tone leave little to be desired, as far as their art value is concerned.

UP to the present time the flannel shirt has been essentially an outing garment, but it has suddenly been raised from the ranks, so to speak, and is now quite a gorgeous affair. New flannels, French, of course, are either golden brown, gray blue or Persian pink in tone, and have broad satin stripes about a half-inch wide, in sister tones. They are made up into shirts with pleated bosoms, and are about the most elaborate shirts that have been shown in Fifth avenue this season.

VERY frequently a fabric with an all-over design, in which certain regular figures occur at uniform intervals, is used in making the pleated bosom of a shirt. It is so folded that the figure in the design appears in the pleat with perfect regularity, giving almost the effect of a stripe. The body of the shirt, and often the alternate pleats, are of a plain fabric of

the same color. The cuffs, of course, are of the figured material. Some of the new shirts have stripes running diagonally across the pleats. The cuffs of these are apt to have slightly rounded corners, as have those of the new stiff-bosom shirts of fancy fabrics, which are now being shown in some of the smarter shops, with the stripes running horizontally across the bosom. These horizontal stripes are also a feature of some of the new pleated shirts. A new departure in evening dress shirts is to have the bosom and cuffs made of plain white linen, while the body of the shirt is of figured madras, having a self pattern of elaborate character. New outing shirts are made of striped Oxford cloth. They have soft-laundered attached collars of the same material and the buttons are unpierced, in imitation of studs.

BLUE seems to be coming into its own again. While always a favorite color for shirts it has, until very recently, been

much less sought after than some of the other colors, such as tan, green or helio. Just at the moment very few chaps are wearing the brown and tan shirts of which so many were seen during the past summer, although the wonderfully beautiful ramifications of this color, the golden effects and the pale tawny yellows, are very popular. These shades, particularly when they are the backgrounds for some dark-brown figure or stripe of elaborate design, are entirely worth while, bearing little relation to either the old-fashioned browns or the later corn-color fabrics of more or less "commercial" familiarity. In fact, they form the groundwork of many of the more popular shirtings that are being worn to-day. Green is another favorite; helio will also be worn largely, and, perhaps best of all, the black and white effects, than which absolutely nothing is more elegant, and which are being more and more adopted for general wear by the well-dressed man to-day.

Is there anything greater than a perfect consciousness of individual self-respect? "I-don't-care" leads to disgrace and death.

Mindfulness of the comfort of others has caused more happiness in this world than gratification of self-will can bring thee with its fleeting enjoyment.

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An American Argument for English Styles

LONDON must be acknowledged the authority from which all styles in men's clothing emanate, as Paris is the authority for women's wear. Everything in the form of feasible and practicable cuts and designs comes from the English capital. If we acknowledge this, then arises the question, who makes the styles in London? The tailors? They say that they have little if anything to do with the styles. It is their customers entirely. An English tailor never suggests unless specially requested. He says very little but "yes, sir," or "very well, sir," the customer telling him what he desires to the minutest details, and it is claimed by them that the leaders in men's styles in England are the smart young officers of the crack life-guard regiments and that anything new or old is originated or revived by them.

We hear the English clothes ridiculed by a great many persons, but do these ever see or come in contact with the smart Englishman of the leisure class or do they ever see a smart suit from a smart English tailor shop? Just about as seldom as they do the exclusive social set here in this country and the suits from our most exclusive custom tailor shops, both of which watch England and England's smart men like hawks for any change in styles. The general public see the clothes worn by the Englishman who does not care, or who wears ready-made clothes and of a cut that changes little from year to year.

The members of the exclusive social sets are following the styles set by the smart Englishmen more and more every year, and the effect of this is going to be felt on the clothes worn by the general public sooner or later. The public, generally speaking, is traveling more and more extensively, is becoming

broader minded as regards foreign ideas in clothes as well as in other things. About five years is the period of time that it is estimated the majority of American men is behind England in clothes. No matter what may be said we eventually reach and wear their ideas of cut and styles. For a great many years and the world over there has been a gradual but certain evolution towards more comfort in men's wearing apparel. Take the present-day underclothing, the soft shirts and comfortable collars, for instance. Then consider the fact of the comfort obtained from wearing English clothes. Are their snug-fitting coats with natural, paddingless shoulders not more comfortable than are full, heavier coats with padded shoulders? An Englishman wears a coat made to fit his body and show off the development of his physique, and yet be neat. For example, let the man wearing the average American coat swing his arm with a circular movement and see the rest of his coat move with his arm. Then let him put on an English tailored coat and go through the same movement. What is the result? His arm and sleeve move, but the body of his coat remains in place as it should. The sleeve is a distinct feature of the coat and is built to give freedom of movement. When we consider it broad-mindedly, which is the more comfortable and practicable? There has already been a noticeable revulsion of feeling in regard to the extreme padded shoulders of American clothes, and we are gradually leaning towards English clothes of the smart man to a greater extent than we imagine. We speak of English smart clothes, not the poorly made, misfit suit of the "don't care" Englishman, of which there are a great number.

Where did the frock coat originate, or the dinner-jacket dress coat, cutaway or even sack? All came from England. We have followed English models from the time of the Mayflower and not those of Germany, France or other continental countries. These latter themselves have been, for the last half century, following English styles, and England is now considered the leader in men's fashions, for not only Europe and America but for the entire world. Look at modern Japan. This country has followed England much closer than we have and the smart Japanese officer or diplomat is garbed almost identically as is the smart Englishman.

If these are all facts, why have we not followed English styles more closely and kept in touch to a greater extent than we have and not fallen behind five years? The American women are as smartly dressed as any in the world, the result of closely watching and following Parisian styles.

England and civilized Europe consider American men, as a whole, the worst-dressed men among nations and acknowledges that the American women rank next to the Parisian in being well gowned. In a recent interview on English and American clothes a smartly garbed Englishman was heard to state that, "You have any number of men with superb physique and yet one sees them with extreme padded shoulders, which hide their more than ordinary finely developed muscles. What is the advantage of looking like a Hercules when one can appear as an Achilles? I should think that your national love for athletics would teach you that the all-around athlete, personified by the Achilles of ancient Grecian mythology, was more to be admired than the weight-lifting and weight-throwing Hercules."

The Fit of Shirts

A PROPOS of shirts, why is it that these necessary articles of clothing vary so much in size, even though they are marked alike? It is rarely in half a dozen shirts that are supposed to be exactly the same size that one finds two alike, as far as the measurements of the neckband are concerned. While the variation is probably extremely slight, it is a variation nevertheless and affects the fit of the collar. Now it would not be surprising if these same variations in size occurred only in shirts of different brands—it would be a simple matter enough to find a brand that really fits and then stick to that brand—but as it happens it is not so simple a problem to solve as that. Who is there who has not found variations in the size of the neckbands of shirts which, according to the markings, should be identical? Is it not a frequent experience to find the measurement of the neck of a dress shirt much more generous in proportions than that of a negligee shirt from the same manufacturer? This slight variation in the size of the neckbands, whether the shirts come, all of them, from the same manufacturer or from several houses, is a factor to be reckoned with in the selection of shirts. There are, however, few men who give this a thought, particularly at the time of the so-called special sales. It does not seem to help one at all to select a certain brand of shirts and stick to it, although, of course, it is to be supposed that there will be less variation in the output of the same house than in that of several. Probably the only way to get really satisfactory results is to insist that the exact measurements of the neckband of each shirt that you buy be taken "before your very eyes." Then it will be your own fault if you get a shirt which "gapes" so at the neck that you can't get your collar over it.

Interludes.

SALOME

Color the Modern Note!

VIEWED from certain aspects the sensation of the winter has been the production at Mr. Hammerstein's Opera House of the French version of Richard Strauss' "Salome." The extraordinary demonstration which followed the American premiere of this much-discussed music drama when it was sung a year ago with a German cast, and which resulted in its immediate withdrawal from the repertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House, is a matter of history. This summary action on the part of the directors of the Metropolitan caused a great deal of unfavorable comment at the time, music lovers considering it a somewhat invidious distinction that a work which represents, according to some authorities, the most revolutionary and advanced step that has been taken in musical expression, and which is sung throughout the Continent with that freedom which is accorded all real artistic endeavor in Europe, should be heard in this country only by the few thousand persons who were lucky enough to have secured places for the now famous single Metropolitan performance.

Having all this in remembrance, it was not at all surprising that one of the largest as well as the most fashionable audiences that has been seen this season in the Manhattan Opera House, filled the great auditorium, literally from pit to dome, on the occasion of the first performance in French of the extraordinary Strauss-Wilde drama. Musicians and amateurs bent upon serious study of the music of the future jostled shoulder with the curious and sensation-loving "public" which had come to see the worst, in the general melange attendant upon the seating of the audience. It is, however, on such precious occasions as this that the Manhattan forms a rare picture. The always impossible frame to the picture made by the Thirty-fourth street house is almost lost sight of in

the all-pervading impression of Society, well groomed and elegant, which the observer receives when anything really big is taking place in the newer opera house.

It so happened, however, that this picture of handsomely gowned women and correctly dressed men was but a fleeting one, as "Salome" is sung in a dark house and is a continuous outpouring of

when worn with the silk hat, the white silk knitted muffler and the white gloves that the occasion required, had a much smarter appearance than is ever produced by the more conventional and loose, though always grateful, fur garment. It was further interesting to note that many men were wearing white gloves with black stitching. There is also an increase in the number of dress suits having outside breast pockets that one sees on these occasions.

It is the popular belief that "Salome" is a portrayal, both musically and histrionically, of unmentionable physical horrors, strange abnormalities of a period of spiritual decadence unequaled in history, and that it is therefore "not worth while when there are so many beautiful things in the world to write about." Be that as it may, and there are many who contend that this is a point of view resulting from naught but the most specious arguments, it is an unsurmountable fact that the impression made by the Strauss music on the intelligent listener was curiously super-physical, if one may so call it. It conveys no sensuous (using the word, of course, in its original sense) impression to the hearer whatever, but appeals rather to the intellect. It has been cleverly put that the music of the modern writers usually portrays the emotions that you would have yourself should you find yourself in a situa-



THE OXFORD CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM.

The blazer and the silk neckerchief in corresponding colors have been revived in England, and these bright-colored garments are likely to be worn extensively in America this spring and during the coming summer. Already the college men have taken this fashion up. If you contemplate a trip to Palm Beach the blazer will be a smart addition to your tennis outfit.

music, there being no entr'acte. It was interesting to note, however, during the assembling of the audience, how many men there were who had on fur coats, the almost universal outergarment assumed by the New York men for evening wear in midwinter. Others, however, were wearing long black ulsters, reaching almost to the ground and with a good deal of fullness, but belted in at the back. This produced those long lines, that slim expression, that is so much affected by our men at the present time. These coats looked extremely well, and

tion similar to the one being presented before you. Your own emotions are aroused by the harmonies so that you actually feel the emotions of the players in the drama that is being unfolded. But one receives no such impression from listening to "Salome." It leaves you quite unmoved, physically, although there is that sense of exhaustion that comes from any close contact with a master mind—a living intelligence. It is impossible not to feel that Strauss has gone a step beyond the achievement of anyone else in music, and that while he has

vividly depicted in his strange music the passions and emotions of the Tetrarch Herod and his court, he has done so, but with such an intellectual verity that they make no more impression, objectively, on the listener than a painting of some scene at that time, having supreme accuracy of detail, would have upon a student of painting. Fearsome the music certainly is, but sensuous never in the slightest degree.

But there is another impression more vivid and insistent, and, perhaps, more revolutionary than any, that one receives from listening to the music of "Salome," and that is the overwhelming realization that comes to one of the tremendous importance color plays in the scheme of the universe. "Salome" is essentially an opera of color in its, one might almost say, final exemplification. After hearing it, it is possible to understand, in a vague way, perhaps, for so few of us have given much attention to this sort of thing, how color has come to be the accepted mode of expression of all modern thought. There has been a great deal written of late about the color of musical tones, color and sound being very closely related, the difference between them being little more than the rapidity of certain ethereal vibrations or waves, so that it is now conceded that almost everything that man does may be translated into a color scheme of some kind. According to the theosophic idea man is surrounded by an aura, the manifestation of his astral being, visible to the adept in these matters, in which all his emotions, passions, desires, his character, in fact, are shown forth in a definite system of color manifestations. Assuming that musical sounds have color, Richard Strauss in "Salome," and apparently in "Electra," too, his later and more complete work, seems to have conceived the monumental plan of depicting in musical tones having the appropriate colors, the colors of the various emotions that might be seen, by a person able to do so, in the luminary auræ surrounding the characters in the drama. In the theosophic color scheme the deep shades are taken as an indication of the baser passions, while the lighter tones represent spirituality and the finer manifestations, and this is very clearly indicated in the "Salome" music, the deep, slowly vibrating tones of the instruments predominating in the more terrifying moments of the strange drama, but in those rare instances in which the motives seem to be purified and idealized the pitch seems higher also, the "colors" of the notes being paler and more spiritual in their significance. For this reason the Strauss music dramas become actual symphonies in color. Noisy, unharmonious, terrifying at times, the music of "Salome" certainly is rarely, if ever, beautiful in the accepted sense of

the term, but wonderfully compelling always, and when viewed in the light of its color interpretation, one of the most extraordinary things that has been given in recent times.

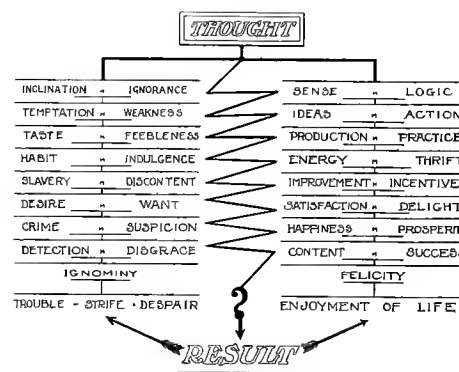
The performance was all the more notable because of its successful presentation at the Thirty-fourth street opera house in spite of all the vulgarity and ignorance which characterized the discussions concerning it—discussions which served to fan the flame of ignorant curiosity to an extraordinary extent and which probably had much to do with the sudden withdrawal of the German presentation a year ago.

Color the modern note! What wonderful possibilities are suggested as we come to a realization that the spirit of the times finds its expression in color, not only as it is shown forth in material things, but in the intangible things of what is popularly known as the Invisible World. An appreciation of the suggestion that man himself is actually surrounded, swathed in color, his own individualistic emotional self expressed in the rays of the spectrum, puts a new aspect upon the desire for high colors and beautiful fabrics that seems to lie latent in most men these days, no matter how much they may suppress this idea because of some inherent conventionality resulting from their upbringing. For instance, every now and then one hears a man say that he always wears blue ties because blue is "his color," the man having a certain subconscious feeling, perhaps, that blue "suits" him. Should a time ever come in the general evolution of things when we are so perfectly attuned to the things without us that we have a veritable appreciation of the principal color with which our auræ are lightened, what wonderful opportunities will present themselves for wearing clothes that are in perfect accord with these emanations from ourselves, whether they be bright or pale, grave or gay.

We realize, most of us, although we do not like it, perhaps, that some little actual individuality of taste is finding expression these days in the wearing of high-color suits, shirts, scarfs, ties and the like, and we say that, after all, it is all merely a matter of taste. But the hearing of "Salome" suggests something beyond all this, a reason for wearing colors quite apart from the fact of merely liking certain shades and tones. People who claim that they can "see" are apt to dress in the colors that are at least complementary to those of "The Egg Itself," but most of us have no such direct purpose when we assume our high-color apparel. But when each of us arrives at the point of being able to see his aura there may be a real *raison d'être* for dressing in colors (unless, indeed, it has a very different result and makes us

dress in black all the more in order to offset the vivid emanations resulting from our own individualism). But, in the meantime, with everything about us expressing itself in some color scheme or another, the men who are brave enough to have the courage of their convictions and to wear a little color at least, are perhaps to be commended rather than laughed at. May it not be that our taste in the question of color is little less than a foreshadowing in material things of our auric selves, a taste that should be developed and encouraged rather than frowned down in the thoughtlessness of prevailing conventions.

MR. TOBIAS WITT
on
THE GENEALOGY OF RESULTS
Tracing the Ancestry of Results to One
Common Forefather.



All thought runs in zigzag, as illustrated above. It is influenced by circumstances and conditions. Whatever these may be it is a comparatively simple matter to avoid danger; keep a middle course or hold to the right altogether.

Farewell! Old Coat

Farewell thou poor rag of a coat,
In the bag of the "Clo-Man" go lie.
By age thou'rt entitled to vote
If enfranchised by law same as I.

Many years in adversity's spite
I bore thee most proudly along;
Thy shelter by day and by night
Entitles thee now to a song.

But humbled thy mien is to-day,
Forgetful of former esteem;
How often thy pride forced the way
To successes I dared only dream.

Poor rag, thou art useful no more,
The days of thy service are past.
Thy toils and thy glories are o'er,
And rest is thy guerdon at last.

Altho' now cast off and betrayed,
Thou'lt ne'er be forgotten by me.
How my spirits within thee have played,
And my heart oft has swelled thee with glee.

Alas! I can strain thee no more;
The strength of thy seams has been spent,
Even I am now weary and sore
As I look on the past and repent.

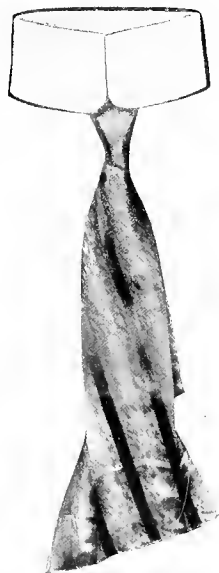
Then adieu, tho' I cannot but fret
That my constancy with thee must part.
In the bag of the "Clo-Man" forget
The feeling for thee in my heart.

Farewell, faded rag, and adieu;
Thy service was measured and weighed.
Thy color, once indigo blue,
Was doomed, as we all are, to fade.

A PAGE OF TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.



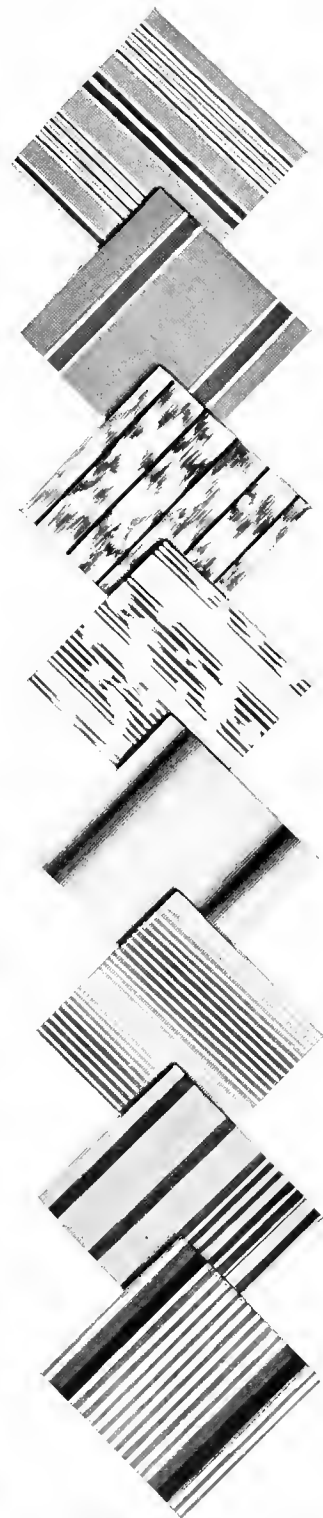
Correct for Business.



Ombre Scarf.



For Palm Beach.



New Shirtings of Exclusive Design.

For the Winter a

EVENING DRESS FORMAL

**Evening Wedding, Reception, Formal
Dinner, Dance and Theatre.**

After 6 o'clock where ladies are in evening dress.

OVERCOAT.—Opera cape, Inverness, surtout, paddock, Raglan, Chesterfield or fur-lined overcoat. Black or Oxford preferable; colors permissible.

COAT.—Swallowtail, with either peaked lapels or shawl roll, silk faced.

WAISTCOAT.—White, single breasted, linen, drill, pique or silk; moonstone, stonine or mother-of-pearl buttons, gilt buttons permissible. Black waistcoat of cloth or silk also correct, but less formal. Double-breasted waistcoats are also worn this season, but less frequently.

TROUSERS.—Matching the coat, outseam plain or braid or braid and soutache trimmed.

SHIRT AND CUFFS.—White, plain or pique. The pleated shirt, sometimes worn now with formal evening dress, is distinctly semi-formal in its character and should be reserved for wear with the dinner jacket.

COLLAR.—Poke or wing.

CRAVAT.—White tie of pique, linen or fine cambric.

GLOVES.—White or pearl glace kid with self-stitching, worn with white knitted wool gloves for street protection.

JEWELRY.—Pearl, mother-of-pearl, moonstone or white stonine, studs and links; black silk fob; watch chains are rarely worn now with formal evening dress.

HAT.—Silk; opera at theater if preferred.

FOOTWEAR.—Varnished calfskin or patent leather with buttoned cloth or kid tops; pumps, worn with spats for street protection, optional.

HOSE.—Black silk or lisle, plain or self-clocked.

OFFICIAL RECEPTIONS

Before six o'clock, same as day weddings, except full frock coat with silk hat is "de rigueur." Formal evening dress after six o'clock.

WEDDINGS — THE GROOM

The groom has not the license of the cutaway, which is accorded to the ushers and guests.

EVENING DRESS SEMI-FORMAL

**Informal Dinners, Home Dinners, Stag
and Club.**

OVERCOAT.—Chesterfield, surtout, paddock, Raglan or fur-lined overcoat; raincoat permissible. Silk-faced, shawl-collar, fly-front topcoat is a new idea. Black or Oxford preferable; colors permissible.

COAT.—Dinner jacket with either peaked lapels or shawl roll; black or Oxford, silk faced.

WAISTCOAT.—Matching coat, of fancy silk, black or gray, single breasted; plain or fancy buttons.

TROUSERS.—Matching coat, with plain or braided outseam.

SHIRTS AND CUFFS.—White, plain or pleated.

COLLAR.—Wing or fold.

CRAVAT.—Black silk or of material matching waistcoat.

GLOVES.—Gray suede or mocha, gray reindeer; chamois and tan permissible.

JEWELRY.—Studs and links, gold or semi-precious stones; fob or gold watch chain.

HAT.—Tuxedo, black derby or alpine.

FOOTWEAR.—Calfskin or patent, button tops; ties or pumps of gunmetal leather. With the latter spats are worn in the street for protecting the ankles.

HOSE.—Black silk or lisle, either plain or with self clocks.

DAY DRESS — FORMAL AND SEMI-FORMAL

**Wedding, Reception, Church, House
Calls and Matinee.**

(Dress occasions before six o'clock)

OVERCOAT.—Chesterfield, Raglan, surtout, paddock or fur-lined overcoat. Black or Oxford preferable; colors permissible.

COAT.—Full frock or cutaway. The use of the latter is increasing.

WAISTCOAT.—White with frock and either white or matching coat with cutaway.

TROUSERS.—Worsted or cheviot, in gray, dark or light stripes.

SHIRTS AND CUFFS.—White, plain or pleated.

COLLAR.—Poke or wing with frock; wing or fold with cutaway.

CRAVAT.—Ascot or once over with frock, once over or four-in-hand with cutaway; white or matching gloves or black if desired.

GLOVES.—Pearl suede or pale tan suede or mocha.

JEWELRY.—Gold links and studs, preferably plain; pearl or gold scarfpin.

HAT.—Silk with frock, silk or derby with cutaway.

FOOTWEAR.—Calfskin or patent leather with button tops.

HOSE.—Black or dark-toned fancy.

BUSINESS

Commercial

OVERCOAT.—Chesterfield, topcoat, surtout, paddock, Raglan, ulster or fur-lined overcoat.

COAT.—English walking, cutaway or sack. The cutaway is worn more by professional men.

WAISTCOAT.—Same as coat or fancy; single breasted preferable.

TROUSERS.—Same as coat or of striped worsted or cassimere when used with a black cutaway.

SHIRTS AND CUFFS.—Plain or fancy, stiff bosom or pleated.

COLLAR.—Wing or fold.

CRAVAT.—Four-in-hand or bowtie.

GLOVES.—Cape or mocha, with color matching or harmonizing with hat or overcoat or of a neutral shade.

JEWELRY.—Gold or semi-precious stones in scarfpin, studs and links. Watchguard.

HAT.—Silk or derby with cutaway or English walking coat, derby with sack suit. Soft hat in stormy weather.

FOOTWEAR.—Black shoes, button or lace, with cutaway or English walking suit. Russet shoes permissible with sack suit. Low-cut shoes, both black and russet, are becoming more and more in vogue for winter wear.

HOSE.—Optional.

Professional

Professional men, such as doctors, lawyers and clergymen, have been more closely associated with the full frock and silk hat, though recently the inclination is toward the sack or English walking coat, with derby. Fewer commercial men are using the more formal full frock and silk hat.

MOTORING

OVERCOAT.—Auto or storm ulster; Burberry gaberdine, mackintosh or slip-on; fur coat or fur-lined mackintosh in cold climates.

COAT.—Sack or double breasted or Norfolk.

WAISTCOAT.—Matching coat; fancy wool or knit wool waistcoat or Derby jacket.

TROUSERS.—Matching coat.

SHIRT AND CUFFS.—Flannel, silk, madras or percale; cuffs either turned back or plain.

COLLAR.—Fold, soft or stock.

NECKWEAR.—Four-in-hand or batwing.

GLOVES.—Gauntlets preferable, even though not driving. They may be of fur, heavy cape, mocha or buck.

HAT.—Cloth or leather cap, with or without flaps and ear guards. Goggles.

JEWELRY.—Links and scarfpin of gold. Leather watchguard or gold watch chain.

HOSE.—Optional.

FOOTWEAR.—Black or russet, laced shoes, high or low cut.

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Fairchild's Magazine

ETHICS

WEAR

Spring of 1909

FUNERALS

Pall-Bearers

The proper dress for pall-bearers consists of a black frock coat, trousers and waistcoat of the same material as coat, white shirt, collar and cuffs, black scarf, black silk hat with mourning band and black gloves and shoes. In cases of emergency, however, a black cutaway and very dark gray trousers may be worn instead of the full frock suit of black.

At Either House or Church Funerals

For men, not pall-bearers, attending either a house or church funeral, the correct dress conforms to that of the pall-bearers as given above. If not a relative the hat band should be omitted, dark gray gloves may be worn, and a derby hat instead of a silk one. If it is not convenient to wear the more formal dress that is "en regle" on such occasions, any very dark sack suit is permissible, although a black one is preferable. White or black and white shirts, somber scarfs and gloves should always be worn. If a man must wear a soft hat it should be a gray one. The wearing of high colors of any kind, either in suit, linen, neckwear or hat, even though the deceased be only a most casual acquaintance, is not considered good taste on solemn occasions of this kind.

EQUESTRIAN

Formal Park

COAT.—Single-breasted riding frock.

WAISTCOAT.—Fly front Tattersall or light flannel; single breasted.

BREECHES.—Matching coat or of fancy material if coat is very dark. Full length, strapped-bottom trousers are fast going out of style except for ring exhibition riding.

SHIRTS AND CUFFS.—White, plain or pique.

COLLAR.—Poke or wing.

CRAVAT.—Ascot.

GLOVES.—Pearl, castor or fawn suede.

HAT.—Silk.

JEWELRY.—Pearl or plain gold scarfpin and links.

FOOTWEAR.—High riding boots of black calfskin or patent leather.

OVERCOAT.—Short riding box coat, usually of covert, used only in severe weather.

Semi-Formal

COAT.—Long, single-breasted riding sack or English morning riding coat.

WAISTCOAT.—Single-breasted, fly-front Tattersall or light flannel. Fancy knit permissible.

BREECHES.—Matching coat in light colors or of different fancy cloth if coat is dark.

SHIRT.—Stiff, pleated or soft, with plain or turn-back cuffs.

COLLAR.—Fold or wing.

NECKWEAR.—Ascot, four-in-hand or batwing. Stock permissible.

GLOVES.—Cape or mocha.

HAT.—Derby or alpine.

JEWELRY.—Gold or semi-precious stones in scarfpin and links.

FOOTWEAR.—High riding boots of black or tan calfskin or high laced shoes and puttee leggings matching.

Informal

COAT.—Long, single-breasted riding sack; weather-proofed for storm wear; Norfolk riding sack.

WAISTCOAT.—Single breasted, fancy knitted or Tattersall, latter fly-front.

BREECHES.—Matching coat in light colors or of fancy material where coat is dark.

SHIRT.—Flannel or cheviot.

COLLAR AND NECKWEAR.—Stock. Soft fold with four-in-hand permissible.

GLOVES.—Cape or mocha.

HAT.—Cap or soft felt.

JEWELRY.—Scarfpin and links of gold or semi-precious stones.

FOOTWEAR.—High laced shoes and puttee leggings of black calf or russet.

GOLFING

Overcoat, Greatcoat, Raincoat or Weatherall as required.

COAT.—Norfolk or sack, either single or double breasted.

WAISTCOAT.—Matching coat; knit golf jacket; coat sweater (may be substituted for coat when weather permits); Angora or fancy worsted or wool.

TROUSERS.—Matching coat or flannel, fancy tweed or homespun, either full length or knee length, golf hose with latter.

SHIRT AND CUFFS.—Flannel or cheviot with turned-back cuffs.

COLLAR.—Soft, stock or fold; preferably either of the first two.

NECKWEAR.—Neckerchief with soft, batwing or four-in-hand with fold.

GLOVES.—Buck or mocha, golf style or plain.

HAT.—Cloth golf hat, crush felt or cap.

JEWELRY.—Links and scarfpin of gold or stone to match shirt and tie, watch-guard.

FOOTWEAR.—Russet, high or low cut; waterproofed if weather requires.

* * *

OFFICIALS AT GAMES.—Same as for "commercial" (Officials most always wear black and white effects or very dark mixtures.)

SKATING.—(Subject to club uniform colors for teams.) High-neck sweater; short sweater toque or cap with flaps; breeches and stockings or full-length trousers of flannel, tweed, homespun or cheviot; skating shoes; knitted, worsted, fur or heavy-lined gloves. Tights for racing.

HOCKEY.—(Subject to club uniform colors for teams.) Short Jersey toque; high-neck Jersey; white or black satin or silesia hockey breeches, both padded and unpadded, or full-length worsted tights; white or brown canvas pants for forwards; heavy worsted stockings; shin guards; padded or unpadded buckskin gauntlets; skating shoes. High-neck sweater between halves.

BASKETBALL.—Sleeveless worsted shirt; silesia, canvas or flannel breeches, padded or unpadded; squash suction shoes; high-neck sweater for protection between halves. (This uniform subject to club colors for team use.)

WRESTLING.—Sleeveless worsted shirt with full-length reinforced tights and low-cut soft leather shoes.

BOWLING.—Bowlers usually wear ordinary street attire with the exception of rubber-soled shoes, preferably suction squash or electric soles.

COASTING AND TOBOGGANING.—Short sweater toque; high-neck sweater; heavy sack or Norfolk; tweed, homespun or cheviot breeches, fancy if the coat is dark, or matching the coat if a light color is worn; worsted stockings; high lacing waterproofed shoes; fur, fur-lined or wool-lined buckskin gloves.

INDOOR BASEBALL.—(Subject to club colors for team use.) Flannel shirt; padded or plain knee pants; visored cap; canvas, worsted web or leather belt; stockings; squash suction shoes; protectors for men playing exposed parts. High-neck sweater for protection between innings.

GYMNASIUM.—Sleeveless worsted shirt; silesia or sateen knee pants or flannel strapped-bottom trousers; canvas, worsted or leather belt; rubber or flexible leather-soled shoes. (Gymnasium costumes are sometimes made uniform in clubs.) High-neck sweater for protection while resting.

HANDBALL.—Same costume as gymnasium. Sleeveless shirt used for ordinary play; high-neck sweater for weight-reducing.

BOXING.—Knee-length or full tights; high-cut soft leather shoes; canvas, worsted or leather belt; sleeveless shirt optional.

WATER POLO AND INDOOR SWIMMING (Racing).—One-piece worsted suit, fitting snugly.

SQUASH.—Sleeveless worsted shirt; canvas, worsted or leather belt; flannel strapped-bottom trousers; suction sole shoes.

FENCING.—Box-collar fencing jacket of canvas or moleskin; leather, canvas or duck quilted plastron; short, gauntlet or elbow length gloves, padded or unpadded; flannel fencing trousers; low-cut buckskin shoes with electric soles.

CURLING.—Short sweater toque; high-neck sweater; heavy tweed, homespun or cheviot breeches; leather or worsted belt; stockings; waterproofed rubber-soled shoes; worsted gloves.

BEAU BRUMMELL AND HIS TIMES—



AN interesting and handsome volume that is being presented to the American public by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, is Roger Boutet de Monvel's "Beau Brummell and His Times," a work which recently made its appearance in London under the auspices of Eveleigh Nash. Printed at one of the incomparable Edinburgh presses and on that featherweight paper which is always such a surprise and a delight, this gossipy volume, with its beautiful portraits and amusing reproductions of old prints, is indeed a pleasing chronicle of the life of a man who, whatever may be thought of him from any modern point of departure, possessed such an extraordinarily forceful personality that he may be said to have veritably made history. For it was Beau Brummell, after all, who, in spite of his arrogance, his supreme selfishness and his monumental effrontery, raised the art of dress to such a height that his name has become a very by-word of all that is fashionable and correct among the men-about-town to-day.

LOOKED at from the viewpoint of twentieth century life, it is almost inconceivable that a human being could have been quite so self-centered and, being so, such a dominant figure, as was George Brummell, but after reading M. de Monvel's résumé of the conditions that obtained at the time of the famous Prince Regent, one is able to understand a little better how such a character as that of the "sublime" dandy grew and was nourished, was in fact an almost inevitable result of the times in which he lived. While it does not appear that there is very much that is new or startling in the volume, it would seem to be, rather, a somewhat exhaustive assembling and compilation of countless facts gleaned from a wealth of sources—yet the work, in its easy style and entirely readable quality, makes extremely pleasant reading. The preponderance of footnotes, however, is a distinct annoyance. M. de Monvel writes intimately of countless personages, apparently assuming that the reader has a perfect knowledge of contemporaneous biography. Then it seems to occur to him that, after all, his readers may never have heard of any of the people he is writing about, so he explains them in endless paragraphs in fine print at the bottom of the page—always one of the most difficult and discouraging forms of reading.

THERE are probably two things which are associated in the minds of most people with Beau Brummell, his clothes and his famous remark after his final break with the Prince Regent, when, having been ignored by his former patron, he turned to Lord F—, with whom he was walking at the time and whom the Prince had stopped and spoken to, and inquired in a loud voice, "F—, who is your fat friend?"

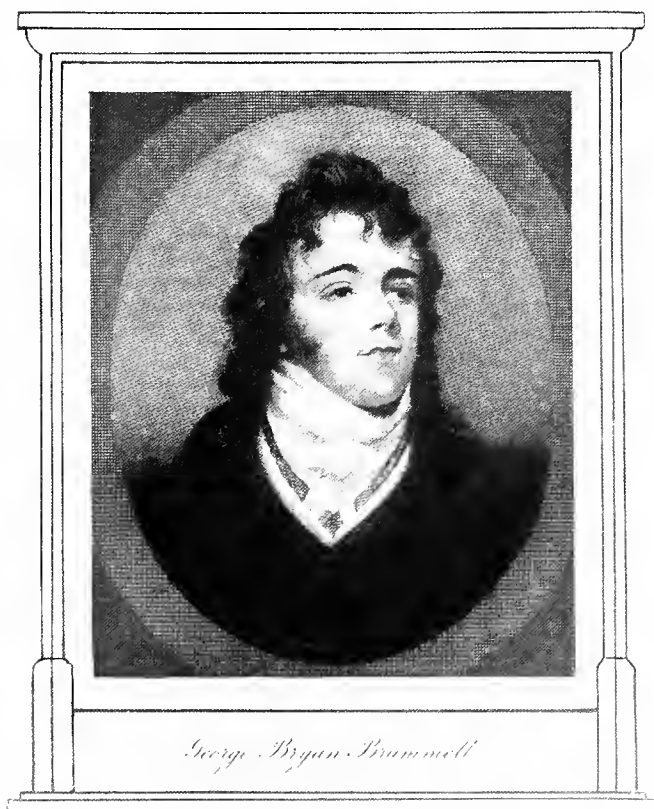
But there is much more about this historic fop to be gleaned from a careful reading of the de Monvel biography in which the Beau is introduced to the reader at Mrs. Searle's cottage in Green Park and followed throughout his eventful career until his piteous end in the Asylum du Bon Sauveur at Caen. Gay days, indeed, were those when Brummell reigned supreme in a world peopled with famous beauties, statesmen, writers and beaux, a world the romance of which will never fade even in the more intimate knowledge that we possess at the present day of the hollowness of that particularly extravagant period. Whatever we of the present age with our commercial upbringing and our practical ideas may think of dandyism, as such it must be conceded, that the men who made a fine art of their dress did much toward brightening the picture

and removing the "deadly drab" of life. Bond street in the days of the latter Georges, crowded with "Macaronies," the dandies of the old school with enormous wigs tied up behind, minute three-cornered hats, flowered waistcoats and colored stockings, and "Muscadins" in the late French fashions, the long tail coat, the tail of hair and the wide stock surrounding the chin with waves of muslin, must have been a gorgeous sight indeed. Our own "Easter parades" are not in the same class. The moral tone of the present century may be higher than that of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth, but in getting it uplifted we seem to have lost our sense of the beautiful, if our clothes are any criterion.

PROBABLY most people suppose that Brummell had an infinite variety of clothes and that he adopted various eccentricities of dress, but from reading the de Monvel book one realizes that he was possessed of the true philosophy of dress, a philosophy,

however, that few people these days would have courage to emulate. He picked out the kind of clothes that suited him best and never changed the style of them till the day of his death. He had countless coats, for instance, but they were always made in the same way and of the same color. The men who always wear the same thing in these modern days are considered old fogies. It is probably the fear of being thought conspicuous that prevents individualism in dress in modern times. Two hundred years ago individualism was more welcome than it seems to be to-day. De Monvel writes of Brummell:

"He speedily dropped all exaggerations and preserved the 'most exquisite harmony' in matters of dress. The expression is Byron's. (Byron, by the way, whose portrait is reproduced here, was a great admirer of Brummell. He is shown wearing a coat, the lapels of which might furnish inspiration for some of the modern youths who want to be 'different!') This ideal Beau changed prevailing fashion to suit himself; he wore his hair short without powder, shunned staring colors and eventually chose a style of dress to which he always clung. He was invariably to be seen in a blue coat, a buff-colored waistcoat, and either lace boots or light pumps, according as he was going for a walk or to a ball. His trousers were black, closely fitting, and buttoned above the ankle. His charming bearing and perfect figure were his chief attractions. Though not handsome,



Courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Co.

—DeMONVEL WRITES OF THE "SUBLIME" DANDY.

he was incomparably distinguished from head to foot, and I imagine that it was this fact which made him the best-dressed man in London. The same may be said of his face, which was less remarkable for correctness of feature than for the general expression; he was fair, almost red-haired, with a lofty brow, a thin, sharp nose, lips slightly compressed, clear eyes of an undefinable shade, with a strange expression of fatuous disdain and alert irony."

HOW different from the "Green Man," for even in the days of the "Sublime Dandy" they were somewhat troubled by the intricacies of the high-color question:

"It is none the less true," says de Monvel, "that in many cases the rage for dress became a disquieting feature. In October, 1806, an individual was to be observed at Brighton who walked out every day dressed in green from head to foot—green shoes, green gloves, green handkerchief and other articles to match. This eccentric person lived alone, knew nobody, and in his house the curtains, the wallpapers, the furniture, even the plates and dishes and the smallest toilet articles, offered an uninterrupted sequence of green. Having started upon his career, there was obviously no reason to stop, and with full consistency he carried his scruples so far as to eat nothing but fruit and vegetables of the same green color. The consequences were extremely disastrous. One fine day 'the Green Man,' as he was generally known, jumped from his window into the street, rushed forward and performed a second somersault from the top of the nearest cliff."

WHAT a horrible warning to those of us who have leanings toward the beautiful greens of the moment! Quoting Barbey d'Aurevilly, the author says:

"Would it be believed that one day the dandies took a fancy for appearing in threadbare clothes? This was during the ascendancy of Brummell. They considered it so select to make their clothes threadbare before putting them on, that the operation was carried out over the whole garment, until nothing was left but a kind of thin lace. It was a very delicate and very lengthy business, and was usually performed with a piece of sharpened glass."

IT WAS conceded by all who knew him that Brummell had a perfectly exquisite taste in all matters concerning dress, but, although his attention to the details of it was a piece of extravagance sufficiently striking, it was, upon the whole, according to de Monvel, "a question of less importance to Brummell's career than was generally supposed."

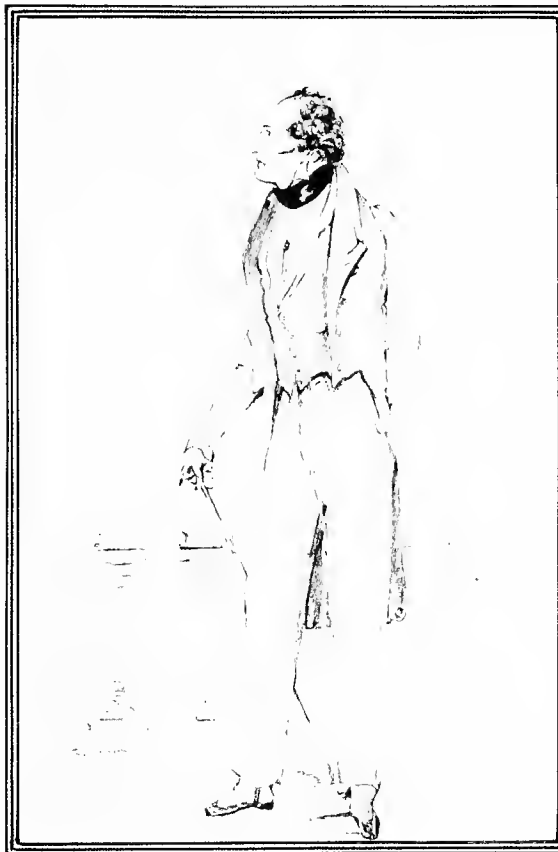
"Fearing to seem pedantic," he writes, "he declined to enlarge to any extent upon this subject, and rarely failed to evade any questions put to him by an unexpected or impracticable answer. 'Blacking?' he replied to a certain young man who was fascinated by the brilliancy of his boots and displayed a burning desire to have his recipe, 'blacking, my dear sir? Well, you know, for blacking I never use anything but the froth of champagne.' Another man asked him for the name of his hairdresser. 'I have three: The first is responsible for my temples, the second for the front part of my head and the third for the back of it.' One day, in St. James', he met the Duke of Bedford wearing a coat of a new style; the Duke pressed him so earnestly to say what he thought of it that he was obliged to declare himself one way or the other. 'Give me your frank opinion,' his Grace repeated. Brummell replied by stepping back several paces. With a faint gesture he indicated to the Duke that he was to turn sideways, then to show himself three-quarter face, and then once more in profile. Brummell then took the lapel of the garment in question between his thumb and forefinger, seemed to examine the material for a moment, and said with an air of supreme commiseration, 'Why, Bedford, do you call this thing a coat?'"

ONE of the most famous things about Brummell's get-up was his wonderful necktie and, while he pretended to dress without paying any particular attention to the process itself, he was very hard to please upon this question. Indeed, the beaux of the time used to say: "We lend a hand in our toilets, but do not give the last touches." Brummell, however, used to add: "No scents, but plenty of linen, country bleached."

"Indeed," writes de Monvel, "he required a large amount of that commodity to accomplish that incomparable knot which was to remain

famous in the annals of British fashion. The stock was invariably of white muslin, twisted round the neck several times. An ordinary person would probably have seen nothing uncommon in it, but if we may trust the evidence of experts, the stock had an unparalleled grace and charm, with an insolence in its two ends of unequal length, slightly curled, but not rubbed, and displaying an air of carelessness and disregard within the strictest limits of propriety. The most marvelous of all sights was to see Brummell himself performing this transitory and fragile masterpiece. In less time than we can write the words, he would wind the cravat round his neck and tie the knot, pull the collar over the cravat, and, lowering his chin slowly, he would crease the cravat down to the proper height by the most natural method in the world. Performed in the twinkling of an eye, it is obvious that an achievement of this nature must be successful at the first attempt or not at all. The least carelessness of movement necessitated the use of a fresh cravat, and yards of muslin were sometimes expended in order to secure a perfect knot."

A PROPOS, the following anecdote is told: One day a visitor met Brummell's valet coming out of his master's room with an enormous quantity of tumbled neckcloths on his arm. "What is all that," he asked. "Oh," replied the other, "these are our failures."



LORD BYRON.

From a sketch by D'Orsay.
Courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Co.

WE ARE apt to think in these days that if a man gives a great deal of attention to dress that he is not good for much else, but it is rather illuminating to read in "Beau Brummell and His Times" of many men of letters and important personages generally who thought careful dressing not unworthy of their care and attention. Mary Craven, who has written a delightful introduction to the work under the title of "Dress and the Dandies," sums up the situation very tersely in the following paragraphs:

"Lord Lamington," she says, "in his charming book, 'In the Days of the Dandies,' has very aptly summed them up. 'Men,' he writes, 'took great pains with themselves; they did not slouch and moon through life; and it was remarkable how highly they were appreciated by the crowd, not only of the upper, but of the lower classes.' He then describes riding to Richmond with Count D'Orsay. 'As he rode through Kensington and Brompton, he excited general admiration. I was greatly interested in noticing the admiration with which he was regarded.'"

"Times are changed . . . London has no room for dandies. If Count D'Orsay were to ride to Richmond through Kensington and Brompton today, he would pass through a maze of unspeakably smelling motor traffic, and he would be jeered at by the descendants of the lower orders, who once admired him, and who now send their own class to Parliament. Man still loves to play to the gallery, and deep in his heart dandyism exists, never to be uprooted. But the fine art of everyday dress, as expounded and practiced by Brummell and his contemporaries, is no more."

Avarice is a vice of huge proportions and her progeny are spendthrifts, disgrace and death. Which is the poorer, the lone widow in a bare attic, supporting her children by work, or the miser starving to death while hugging his gold?

Beauty lies in the harmonious arrangement of parts. Nature often requires assistance, but rarely correction. You run the chance of losing all affection for your grandfather if he had his cocked eye straightened. The love he bears you would then look cockeyed to you out of his corrected orb.

Guard thy words. They may echo down the halls of ages. A foolish boast led to the destruction of one of the world's nine wonders, the Temple of Ephesus, whose architect and builder is buried in oblivion, while the vandal destroyer, Herestratus, is a by-word to this day.

FASHION NOTES OF THE MONTH.

A DELIGHTFUL novelty in suspenders and garters is shown in the accompanying illustration. Both of these necessary articles of dress are made of mercerized knitted webbing. They are of English design. The suspenders are distinguished by the fact that all the webbing is woven into one piece, not being stitched at the back cross-over. They are adjustable back and front. The buckles are of rustless brass, nickered. The web is non-elastic, but the ends are of elastic cord, simply hooking on to the cast-off. The garters are of the same design and webbing, with metal parts, which are also rustless. Unlike most garters, this one does not clasp around the leg at the point where the hose-drop depends, but the clasp is a little to one side, with the webbing looped to engage an open curved metal hook.

A NEW box overcoat is being shown in one of the shops, a delightful woolly gray-green affair, with patch pockets and big buttons. It is a very swagger garment, reaching as it does scarcely to the knee.

SO many blue things of all kinds are being shown in the smart shops that one begins to wonder if, after all, blue is not to be the spring color. Curious shades of blue, too, are making their appearance, and we now have pale greenish-blue socks, striped in golden-brown effects, that are quite "right" with the pale tan Oxford ties that are being shown to catch the eye of the southern travelers.

BOOTS for afternoon wear are made of black calfskin, with dignified tips of a plain design. The tops, however, are made of black cloth. These shoes are, of course, of the button variety. Apropos of shoes, there seems to be an increasing number of men-about-town who elect to wear laced boots with blind eyelets—an admirable fashion if one has the time and patience to put them on in the rush and hurry of getting down to the office.

IT is curious to see so many straw hats in the shop windows—another indication of the complacency with which New Yorkers regard the leaving for sunny climates in mid-winter. While "sailors" predominate, there are many tele-

scope effects, and the Panama is still holding its own. After all, there is nothing handsomer than a fine, clean Panama hat, particularly if it is embellished with one of the new hat scarfs, which are made of heavy silk with elaborate borders.

The plain part of the scarf is rolled into the band, while the richly colored border is formed into the knot in the midst of the left side of the hat.

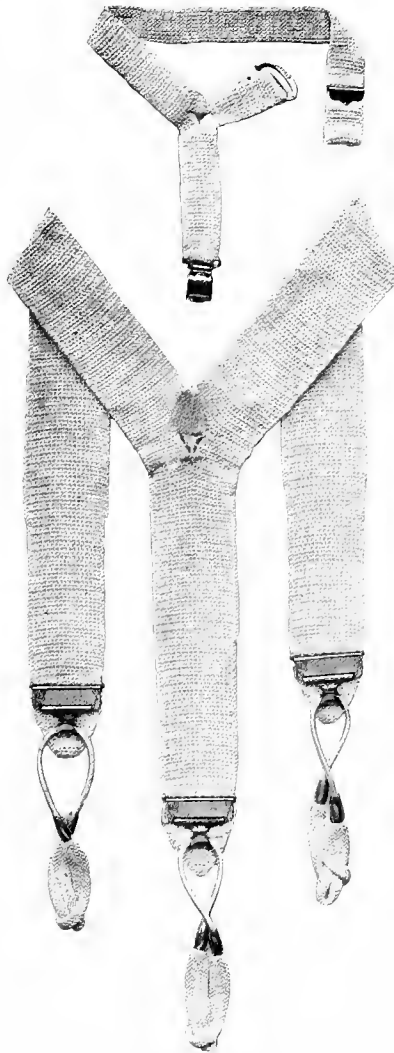
SMART shops are showing very complete lines of white flannel outing suits, plain white serge suits and also self and fancy striped affairs that are unusually handsome. One is almost tempted to consider the southern trip a necessity for the sake of an excuse to purchase one.

THERE is an increased demand for shirts which have double or turned-back cuffs. While these double cuffs are perfectly familiar as far as the soft, negligee shirts are concerned, they are rather unusual on stiff-bosom white shirts, but even on these they are to be found nowadays, and they are effected by some of the smartly dressed men, who do not even hesitate to wear them with evening dress.

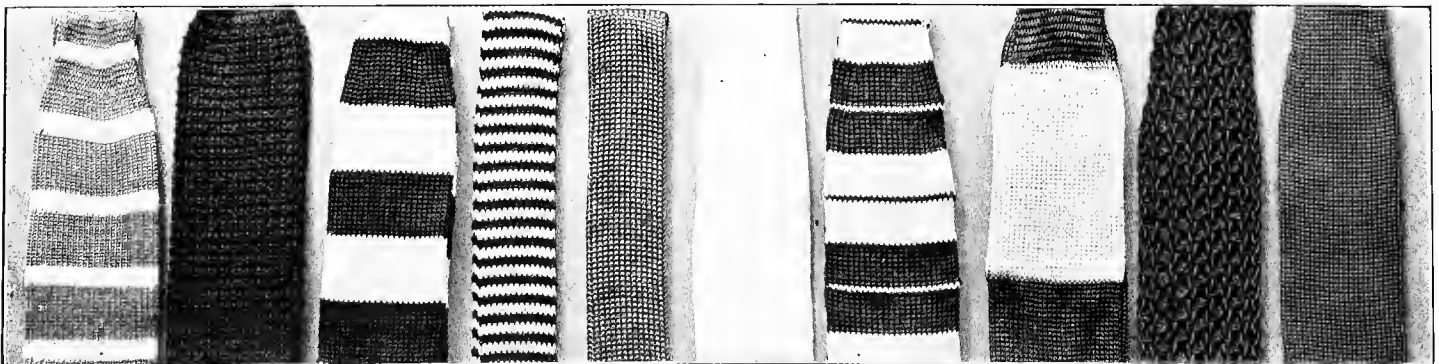
ALL sorts of hybrid overcoats are beginning to make their appearance, it seemingly mattering very little what they are like, so long as they possess a "military" collar. The result of this fad is, in some instances, "passing strange," while in others these coats of curious design are distinctly swagger.

THE pique collar is the proper caper now for wear with the dinner jacket. If possible, it should be of the same pattern as the bosom of the shirt, but even with a plain white or pleated shirt the pique collar is permissible. Madras collars are becoming very popular for morning wear.

WITH the full frock suit it is always better to wear a double-breasted waistcoat, as it is much more "dressy" than a single-breasted one, and the full frock is the most formal garment for day wear that we moderns have. The single-breasted waistcoat, however, is the fad of the moment and may be worn with perfect propriety. It is to be noted, however, that it should always be worn with the cutaway, according to the present mode.



A Decided Novelty—The Knitted Suspender and Garter.



The Ubiquitous Knitted Scarf. Still Much Favored by the Best Dressed Men.

IN the December issue of FAIRCHILD'S MAGAZINE we published a color chart. It was more or less experimental in its character and was intended primarily as a suggestive guide rather than an infallible law-giver in one of the most troublesome as well as the most fascinating of problems—that of color selection and grouping. The color chart was, we believe, received with appreciation by many of our readers and was the subject of much favorable criticism. We propose, however, to publish in one of our forthcoming issues a chart that will be even more comprehensive and complete than anything that has hitherto been brought out in this particular field. In the preparation of this chart, though, we are confronted by a very curious question and one that seems as simple as A B C until you come to answer it: "What is the prime factor in man's dress?" Or, to put it a little differently, what is the article of dress that chiefly influences a man in the selection of the colors that he is going to wear? It has been argued that most men, perhaps the majority of men, have not more than two, or, at the most, three, suits which they habitually wear in any one season, and that these are usually merely a dark and a light suit, or perhaps a black suit, a mixed-gray one or some dark-striped worsted affair, with any of which almost every accessory of man's apparel, such as the shirt, scarf, socks, etc., would "go" perfectly well, and that for this reason few men have any particular thought for the color of their clothes when they select the shirts and ties that they are going to wear. It is also pointed out that as men dress, naturally, from the bottom up, so to speak, putting on their socks and shoes at (practically) the same time as they do their shirt and scarf, that these articles of attire are the first thing that they think of, and not their suit, which comes last of all, and, as indicated above, will probably look perfectly well with almost anything that they have on. It is also an undeniable fact that if a man is well shod, has on a closely fitting, unwrinkled sock, a neatly fitting collar, a handsome shirt and scarf, he can manage to look well dressed, even though his suit be not in the very latest cut. A man may be wearing the finest suit in the world and have a worn and faded shirt peeking out from the gorge of his waistcoat and everything about him will pass unnoticed except the one staring fact that his linen is uncared for. As against these arguments it is claimed that, after all, the suit of clothes is the chief thing in man's apparel; it covers the most of him and is the first thing that he asks for when he goes into a shop to be fitted out. "I know that I have all the

accessories of dress that man's heart could desire," he says to himself, "but what is the use of all these handsome things when my clothes are all worn out. I shall have to get a new suit or all the other things I have will count for naught." Entirely another point of view, and, in the final reckoning, all things depend upon the point of view. Herein lies the real difficulty in preparing a color chart. Which is the real point of departure? We should be glad if our readers would send us expressions of opinion on this subject. It is not an easy question to decide. Are we to base the chart on the suit of clothes and make everything else a man wears subservient to

that, or are we to begin with all those little things of man's apparel which he is gradually coming to realize ought to harmonize with each other and which, when considered in the aggregate, do perhaps outweigh the suit itself in relative importance? When all is said it probably narrows itself down to the less intricate question of whether a man cares more for his shirts and ties than he does for his suits and overcoats.

JUST at the present time there seems to be a tendency to have very long vents in the back of one's overcoat—some of them are so long, indeed, that it is necessary to have two buttons and corresponding button-holes to keep them closed. Great care should be taken in selecting one of these long-vented overcoats. Unless they are fairly full across the hips they flare most disgracefully in the back, and the man wearing one and walking along the street at all rapidly looks more like a scarecrow than a human being.

A MOST delightful, very smart-looking and entirely sensible fashion is the one which is prevalent at the present time of having one's overcoat button to within about six inches of the bottom. Coats of this

pattern "button through," look very British indeed, and are "all to the good" in stormy weather.

THE younger men this winter are wearing some very much more "fancy" clothing than the staid dressers of the conventional "set" are likely to "stand for." Some of the cuts and models, however, are attractive and suggestive. They have little novelties of detail that are worth noting—ideas that may prove useful in planning one's own new clothes. It is always to be remembered that black and dark-blue suits may be made up with slight elaborations of cuff and pockets, if one cares for that sort of thing, without offending the dictates of good taste, where the same design, used in a high color or striking pattern, would be entirely out of place. It is never "comme il faut" to be blotted out by one's striking clothes.



All Ready for a Stag Dinner.



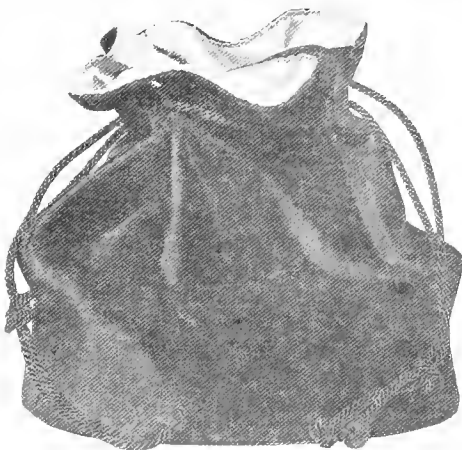
Combination Bath and Lounging Robe.

prevent its slipping down the leg. These new socks come in all the popular shades.

THE newest negligee shirts are made of fine silk in pale yellow, heliotrope or pale blue. The fabric, which is very sheer, is crossed by half-inch white satin stripes at intervals of about an inch and a quarter, the space between being embellished with a flower chain in white. They are made up with double French cuffs, two of the white satin stripes being included in each cuff.

MANY of the new shirtings have double rows of pin stripes crossing the materials at wide intervals, the space between being filled with dots or small figure designs in contrasting or sister colors. As some of these new shirtings suggest a veritable plague of flies, the designs are not as successful at they might be.

NEW blue shirtings have an all-over pattern like a trellis, which crosses the conventional stripes of the fabric and makes a pleasing variation from the now ubiquitous striped effect,



A Collar Bag.

A GREAT many men have adopted the plan of wearing athletic underwear all the year round, and those who do this will find the three-quarter length socks, illustrated on this page, particularly appealing. They reach almost to the knee and are held in place by a special garter, on the inside of which is a small metal plate with diminutive protruding points, which engage the sock and

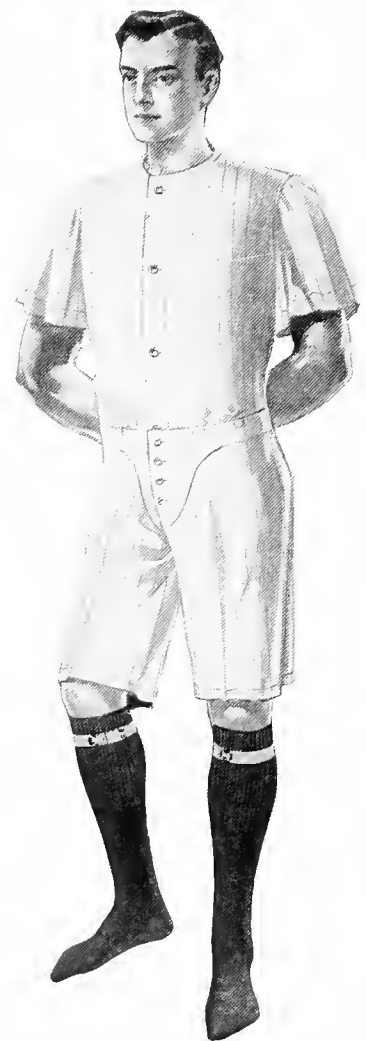
embroidered square of the same shade, the space between the square and the monogram proper being filled in with hundreds of fine French knots.

JUST at the moment there is a revival of canary color scarfs. Some of the shops are showing them in knitted silk patterns of very elaborate character, both in solid yellow and also crossed by horizontal stripes of pale blue.

A NUMBER of the men at the opera are wearing white gloves with



Graduated Four-in-Hand with Very Wide Ends, Suggesting an English Square.



Long Socks for Wear with Athletic Underwear.

black stitching. The stitching, however, is not very wide, but it is sufficiently striking for all that. These gloves are remarkably smart-looking, and in spite of the fact that they are not by any means universally worn, they look well and the chaps having courage enough to don them have quite a distinguished air.

although when the shirts are made up the appearance is that of the familiar type which nothing as yet seems to have entirely supplanted in popular favor.

MONOGRAMS are embroidered on the left shirt sleeve in the same color as that of the stripes of the shirt. They are, however, surrounded by an



Fashionable Socks.

ROGER OF RUTLAND

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

By LEWIS F. BOSTELMANN

ACT I.

SCENE I Room in Earl Southampton's House.

Enter Attendant with Sir Francis Bacon.

Attendant: The Earl of Rutland hath now arrived,
Sir Francis, and will be here anon,
My lord Southampton who is with him now
Is overjoyed at the young Earl's arrival.

Bacon: 'Tis well, I'll rest me here awhile.
Your master and the Earl know of my coming.
And will not keep me waiting over long.
But, hark! I hear their voices even now,
And by the sound would judge their near approach.

Attendant: 'Tis they, Sir Francis, now coming up the path.

Enter Rutland and Southampton.

Rutland: Well met, Sir Francis, did you tarry long?

Bacon: Nay, nay, and if I did, milord, the pleasure
Of anticipation cheers the heart.

Southampton: Well said, good master, so it was with me
These past three weeks seemed but as many
days
And, now, since time is precious, let's to work
And see how we can blanket this young scape-
grace
Who still insists his muse must issue forth
To startle mankind with its genius.

Rutland: If flattery could affect me, Wriothesly
Unworthy were my muse of thy good words
For well I know, the heart from which it
springs
Must be oblivious to flattery.

Bacon: Well put, fair Rutland, pure must be the heart
To give undying vigor to its speech.
I did peruse your Venus and Adonis
And eke Lucrecia and her woeful plight.

Rutland: (interrupting)
Nay, good, my master, 'twas my first attempt
And though the copy is without a blemish
The subject could stand mending,
And I most humbly, Wriothesly, beg pardon
For dedicating such poor stuff to thee,
But, for the fact that 'twas the very best
Within me to bestow, I made it thine,
Feeling thy heart would search the giver—not
the gift."

Southampton: Thou knowest, my Rutland, how aught words of
thine
On paper or by mouth affect my heart,
But jealous am I of the niggard world
And would advise, to shield thee from its breath,
To have the ancient name of Rutland hid
Behind some serviceable nom de plume.

Bacon: Well have I pondered o'er the matter, fair
milords
And reck a pseudonym alone will not suffice,
As our philosophers and critics of the day
Would soon uncover such a thin disguise
And fill the authors ears with damning praise
More apt to suffocate a budding muse
Than nurse development.

Southampton: I did perceive, you rascal, that you have
Signed "William Shake-speare" to your infant
lines.
How came you by that hyphenated nomen?

Rutland: 'Tis simple, I took shelter under Pallas
Goddess of Wisdom, and her pointed spear
Is meant to brandish at the eyes of ignorance!

Bacon: 'Tis fortunate you chose that very name
It will help me in my plans in your affair.

It now remains to fit this happy pseudonym
To some one living who could answer it
Beside, my lord of Rutland.

Southampton: And such a person, have you one in mind?

Bacon: I have, milord, and fortune favors us.
'Tis though Minerva saw the need we had
And with her spear points out the very man,
In life and action so appropriate
That even milord Rutland's chosen goddess
Has fixed the name he bears to suit our cause.

Rutland: Who may this marvel be, good master Bacon?

Southampton: And how conditioned, has he itch of palm?
Pray give us full description of this paragon.

Bacon: I've met the man from knowing his employer,
In body he is stout, of ample girth.
His hair he shingles over miser ears
And grows mustachios with a beard to point.
But lately he has run away from home
To avoid attachment for some deer he stalked
And having mimic force to some extent
Found shelter at Blackfriars where of late
Heminge and Burbage mount the public play.
They've put the man to work to hold the horses
When such as you, milord, go to the show
And when a ghost must walk upon the boards
Or Jack's to say, "Milord the horse is saddled."
They call upon this clod from Warwickshire
To fill the role.

Rutland: A fair description, by my faith, Sir Francis,
A bumpkin such as he to act as father
To any waifs I may in future lay
Into his hands for shelter and protection!

Southampton: Egad, I think myself good master Bacon
'Tis but indifferent timber that you offer
To build a raft to float, my Rutland's muse
But, stay, is there not one redeeming feature?

Bacon: There is, milord, and one I'm sure will win.
The man, though bright, is sans all education;
He has a family at his Stratford home;
His urgent needs make him a bitter master
And love of gold will bend him to your will.

(to Rutland) Since first milord Southampton did advise me
Of your necessity, my noble lord,
I fully measured up this manikin
And saw the justice of my born suspicion
That he, and no one else, would fill your bill
And were all else against the man I found
His name alone should order his selection.

Rutland: What virtue may be in the cognomen
Of such a bumpkin as you have described?

Southampton: Bethink you, Bacon, 'tis the name alone
Will couple Stratford to Lord Rutland's muse!

Bacon: His name is William Shaxper!

Rutland: Shaxper!

Southampton: And William Shaxper, too?

Bacon: Aye, Shaxper, William Shaxper!
Actor and Hostler at the Friars!

Rutland: How came that country bumpkin by that name?

Southampton: Minerva knowing thy necessity
Ages before thy muse was to be born
No doubt affixed the name you chose
To cover your effusions from the world
Upon the ancestor of this poor man!

Bacon: 'Twas even so, an if you will allow
His father once was Councilman at Stratford!

Rutland: 'Tis well and how can we approach this man?

Enter Lord Sidney (unperceived.)

Sidney (aside): Ha, ha, there's something underway! I must
have data for my day's report, to entertain
the Queen. (Hides behind a curtain)

Bacon: The day is young, despatch a messenger
To Master Burbage on the Surry side
Directing him to send this man I named
Here to this house on pretext that some horses
Be led to the 'theatre 'gainst to-night.

Southampton: (calling attendant.)
This will we do without delay, good Bacon,
And I will write the message in my name.
(writing.)

Enter Attendant.

Have this dispatched at once to Master Burbage
And have the person mentioned brought me
here.

Exit Attendant.

Bacon: Now there appears to me another matter

(to Rutland) Of grave import to safer secrecy
In future plays you now propose to write,
To better lead a prying world astray.
Endeavor to inject some silly fault,
Some rank absurdity that must not mar
The beauty and the semblance of your work.
For instance, when you write of Julius Caesar,
Speak of a clock to strike the passing hour;
Some inland Kingdom like Bohemia
Must wash its shores upon the raging sea.

Rutland: And why advise disfiguring my work?

Bacon: Such trifling bulls will shield you better far
Than any other subterfuge can do.
Who would suppose that Roger Earl of Rutland
Was unaware that clocks were not invented
When Caesar issued forth to meet his death
Or that the rockbound Kingdom of Bohemia
Could not be reached by ship from Sicily?

Southampton: Egad! a clever trick, good master Bacon!

Rutland: I marvel, sir, at your sagacity!

Sidney: (coming out from hiding place.)
So it is true, milord of Rutland's here
I heard he was about to come to London
But was not sure enough to make report.
'Tis just as well that now I have the fact
To lay before my sovereign to-night.
She will be jealous of this tactless slight
And, Rutland pretty fellow, he may be;
But, then at court he'll get into my way
And somewhat block the flow of my ambition.
'Tis strange, the Queen should send me to this
house
To ask Southampton full particulars
Of the two poems lately put in print
On Venus and Adonis and Lucrecia
Both dedicated to milord Southampton,
And causing such a stir amongst the wits
Too bad I could not hear just what they said
But this I learned, my noble lord of Rutland
Is cogitating on a subject which
Must not escape me.
Sidney, look sharp! You have a fertile field.
Plow deep and closely scan the turned up sod.
Burbage, they say, who may this Burbage be?
Ho, ho! Let's see,—the showman at Black-
friar's
Is one Burbage! There is a clue!

All Exit.

Exit.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II. Blackfriars Theatre.

Enter Burbage and Heminge.

Burbage: No, Heminge, we'll let the thing run on another
week;
The house last night was not full occupied
And that for once caused me but small concern.
This play of York and Lancaster seems slow.
It lacks the life and action I would have.

Heminge: Right, Burbage, the "Contention" is but weak
And wants the spirit—well, when all is told,
Its author, whosoe'er the man may be,
Lacks the experience. Would I knew the man.
'Tis awkward to make changes and not know
Whose corn we bruise by doing so.

Burbage: The scene where Clifford murders Rutland's boy
Was acted dolefully without all vim
There's Peel, egad, his dismal Clifford
Did murder by his miserable play
Far better than intentioned by the author
And to my seeming the young victim died
More from effect of execrable acting
Than by the sword play of that bungler.

Heminge: But 'twas to laugh when Kemp as messenger
Changed clothes to take the part of Somerset,
Not having time to take his part again
I called in our new lad from Warwickshire
To jump into the gap. Did'st notice how
He strutted forth with that fat paunch of his,
And shout as though he drove a yoke of oxen:

"My lords, Duke Edward with a mighty
power
"Is marching hitherwards to fight with
you."

O, 'twas the richest thing I ever saw!

Burbage: That Stratford lad may be an actor yet
But then I'm feared, he'll have to fast a bit
Or chisel down his paunch some other way.
Did'st note Kemp's doublet on this awful back
Split in the seams! But luck would have it
The thing looked natural, and the very part.

Enter Condell.

Condell: (imitating Shaxper's acting.)

"My lords King Edward with a mighty power
"Is marching hitherward to fight with you."

Burbage: Ha, ha, well done Condell, upon my word.

Heminge: Ha, ha, the illustration comes in very time
We now were speaking of the Stratford lad.
He'll do in time; but he has too much flesh.
We'll have to diet him 'gainst further use.

Condell: And in the meantime let him walk the ghost
But squibs aside, he is a likely fellow;
Quick to discern, and, when it comes to that
His paunch may be the very thing we'll want
When giving Oldcastle this coming week.

Burbage: There certainly would be no danger then
In spilling forth the bag of barley straw
As once did hap when Pope played the old
knight.

Heminge: I well remember, 'twas an awful sight.
The house was almost thrown into convulsions.

Condell: I heard about that droll affair. In that respect
Give me a paunch that's made of flesh and
blood.
Its weight will keep the fellow on his pins
Should he grow faint with nerves.

Burbage: Can such a clod have nerves?

Heminge: None, I should think, but it would take
A blackthorn stave to wake them.

Condell: But jests aside, the fellow has good parts
He's quite a man of business by the way
From minding one horse for some "blood" one
night
He now has charge of twenty at a show,
And ha, ha, ha, sublets those he can't hold
To boys, reserving him a goodly profit.

Burbage: What does he do when not employed by day?
Perhaps, it would be just as well if we
Kept eye upon this Stratford prodigy
And gave him ought to do, to train his wit.

Heminge: I believe myself the man does like the show
To judge from the alacrity with which
He squeezed his belly into Kempe's doublet.

Condell: He has some mettle, I'll be bold to say
And rare Ben Jonson tells me, by the way,
The rogue has wit; is good at repartee,
And wants but polish to be made of use.
Let's send for him, an if he is about
We'll put the screws to this phenomenon
To better judge the manner of the man.
(Calls) Ho, boy.

Enter Boy.

Go out about the sheds near by
And see if you can find that Stratford lad
Him of the paunch, that dabbles in small fees

(An if you find him, ask him to come here
That he collects for holding horses nights
We would have speech with him on his affairs.

Boy: I saw him cross the court yard even now.
I'll have him with you in a moment's time.

Burbage: Make haste, me hoy, I have not long to wait.

Exit Boy.

An that reminds me, I have long intended
To get a man or two of likely mien
To act as roustabouts and thus pick up
The manner of our way and so fall to.

Heminge: Beware thee, Burbage, the immensive cost
Of cloth to cover such a swelling bulk.

Condell: Enough of that; the man may toe our mark.
No jesting, Heminge, for here comes our man.

Enter Shaxper.

Burbage: Step hither Shaxper, I, and these my friends
Have had some words respecting thy employ.

Heminge: That is, if thy engagements at the sheds
Allow thee time to waste upon our whim.

Condell: Mayhap 'twill be the making of thy fortune
If time and tide are running to thy taste.

Shax: 'Twould satisfy me greatly, gentlemen,
To enter your employ upon such terms
As tend to hold me harmless of all loss
Respecting income such as I enjoy
Whilst being master of my every movement
Barring the burden of responsibility
I owe to those who pay me.
Fact is, good sirs, I want my keep.

Burbage: Well spoken for a lad so lately come
To this great city here to make thy way
An if it please thee to attend us here
We'll see that terms are made to suit thy case.

Heminge: That is, of course, if our exchequer will
Allow, to cover what your fees now are.

Condell: Hast thou made computation of the sum,
Or else need'st time for more consideration?

Shax: My income has not reached to that amount
But what my fingers well could entertain
To act as Compters. Thus, to cut it short,
Furnish me clothing, food and lodging
And five good shillings of the realm
As weekly stipend for my time and service.
And, to repeat, I want my keep.

Burbage: What say you? Heminge, aye the lad speaks
well.

Heminge: We'll make it six per week his manner
earned it.

Condell: I'll add a shilling from my private purse
To bring thee luck, my Stratford pioneer!

Shax: Your kindness, gentlemen, takes me by storm.
I'll straight arrange my matters at the sheds
And relegate my business to the boys
That lately have assisted me o' nights.

Burbage: 'Tis well, me lad, and as thou servest us
So will we show appreciation.

Heminge: Keep worry from thy mind and have a care
To read somewhat of that I'll send thee
A little polish is most needful here
And leads to prompt advancement.

Condell: Then, Shaxper, take this trifle here from me
(hands him purse.)
'Tis merely an advance upon thy wage.
It may be helpful in thy severance
From old employ.

Burbage: Well done, Condell, I had not thought of it.

Heminge: Nor I, and for this seeming slight
I do propose that we forget the deed
And may the lad prove worthy of the purse.
Burbage and I will square thee.

Condell: I knew your hearts, my friends, you know I did.

Enter Boy.

What is it, boy?

Boy: A valet here in lace and velvet
Seeks Master Shaxper and would speak with
him.

Shax: How, speak with me? then pardon gentlemen
Till I enquire what this valet wants.
'Tis well he came upon me even now.
My heart is full, too full for words of thanks
For your most noble generosity!
I will report anon.

Boy and Shax Exit.

Burbage: I like the way the fellow mouths his speech.
He shows appreciation to the full
An I am taken with the manner of it.

Heminge: With little management upon our part
We'll make him valuable to our needs.
Zounds! Since closer view of his proportions
His size has shrunk somewhat, what say you
Condell?

Condell: 'Twas all imagination on your part
I liked the lad when first I spoke with him
And feel we all have done the proper thing
To close with him, hsh! here he comes.

Enter Shaxper.

What now, my lad? thy puzzled look
Betokens interruptions unexpected, speak!

Shax: The earl Southampton sends to ask my
presence.

Enter
(**Exit Lord Sidney, Stands at a Distance, Unobserved.**)

To have some speech with me, his valet is to
bring me on the way.

Burbage: Make haste to go, me lad, I wish thee luck
But we'd be loth to lose thee e're we had thee.

Shax: Fear not, good sirs, I'm your's, my word upon it,
Whate'er the message 'twill not interfere;
I shall return within the next two hours.

Exit Shax.

Sidney: (approaching)
Pardon me, gentlemen, what play to-night?

'Twill be the second part of the Contention.
Have you bespoke your seat?

'Tis well, I and my party will attend.

Exit Burbage, Heminge and Condell.

That is if in the meantime I can make dis-
covery
Of what Southampton wants with that fat man.
Strange goings on, milord, but never fear
The facts will out, and straightway to the
Queen.

Exit.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III. Room in Southampton's House.

Enter Lady Vernon and Lady Sidney with the Earl of Essex.

Essex: Fair Cousin Vernon, and you, my Lady Sidney,
Here will we bide until milord return.
Southampton, whom I met at court this morn-
ing
Advised me that young Rutland hath arrived
And makes his stay here in Southampton
House
The while he doth intend to spend in London.

Lady Sid: I'm curious to meet this hero knight. Essex,
My almost parent, and my heart doth quicken
That now the 'fillment of my wish approaches;
Pitti pat, pitti pat, hear it, my lord?

Lady Ver: You silly girl, to speak so of a man
Whom you have never met, and know
The likelihood of sharing his estates.

Essex: So 'tis resolved, my charming little daughter
And happy will you be with such a man;
Studious and not pedantic; witty sans vul-
garity:
A gentleman bred in the bone and with an
income
A King might envy!

Lady Sid: La, la, but, an he were not nice—that is—to me
And I should pinch him, what would he do
then?

Lady Ver: Tush, Bessie, do not act so skittish.

I could not act to my Southampton so.
He is too fiery withal and might resent it.

Lady Sid: An it were—I'd make milord repent it.

Essex: Come ladies, here milords approach:
Remember, Bessie, first impressions last.

Lady Sid: Shall I be meek—quote poetry to him
Or sit and wait until you do present him?

Lady Ver: Be natural, Bessie, do, you silly girl.

Essex: Bessie, come kiss me, now be good, my dear.
I hear some steps approaching.

Lady Sid: 'Tis well, milord; ah, O my heart be still!

Enter Southampton and Rutland.

Southampton: Welcome, fair ladies, here I bring this phoenix
Just risen from the ashes—clip his wing.

Essex: Southampton you look charming, and dear
Roger,
Welcome to London. Have you been to court?

Rutland: Just as a formal duty to my queen, milord,
But I shall hope to see you there quite often.

Lady Ver: At least I need no presentation, Rutland,
For we have met before.

Rutland: Of course, but then thy marvelous beauty, lady,
Shone at another angle; then I was stunned
But now I am bewitched.

Southampton: Waste not your words, good Rutland, on my
Vernon.
You'll need them all to praise this fairest bud.

(Presenting Lady Sidney.)

Lady Sid: A rose, milord, and O, so many thorns.

Rutland: Fie, lady Sidney, why do you remind me.
Now placed in the predicament of Paris
That I might get my fingers sorely pricked.

Lady Ver: O, good milord, do not be harsh upon her.
See she repents. But, is she not a beauty?
Tho my lord Henry leans toward my style.

Essex: Southampton, come, now when is it to be.
The path must be made smooth for milord
Rutland.

Southampton: Ha, ha, good Essex, you must ask the Queen
Who carries my affairs with a high hand.

Essex: 'Twill all come right in time, rely on Essex.
Now, ladies, will you join me to the green room?
Milord Southampton and my Rutland here
Are pre-engaged to meet Sir Francis Bacon
Upon important matters at this hour.

Southampton: We'll follow you as soon as we are through.

Rutland: Fair lady Sidney and milady Vernon
The time will drag until we meet again.
So au revoir—we shall not keep you waiting.

Lady Ver: We haste away so we may sooner meet.

Lady Sid: Your arm, my father, au revoir milords.

Exeunt Ladies Vernon, Sidney and Essex.

Southampton: What think you of milady Sidney, Rutland?
A charming girl and with a mind of gold
The image of Sir Philip, her late father—
And now her mother—matching off with Essex
Stands fair to be the foremost lady in the
realm
The Queen adores her and thinks high of thee.

Rutland: I do assure you dear Southampton, I am be-
witched
Tho this my heart within warns me 'gainst
marriage.

Southampton: Tut, tut, my boy, so say they all until—
But, here's Sir Francis now, and someone with
him
Discrete now. Rutland, we'll not speak thy
name.

Enter Bacon With Shaxper.

Good morrow, Bacon, an whom have we here?

Bacon: The man we spoke of, out of Warwickshire
(to Shaxper.)
This, master Shaxper, is milord Southampton
Who would have speech with thee as you're
aware
And this——

Southampton: Is milord Roger who seeks some aid in his
affairs
The rendering of which may carry profit.

Shax: Milords, I fear me that you are too late,
For, as your valet came to fetch me here
My time was preengaged at the Blackfriars—

Rutland: That will not brook my purpose in the least.
The service that I wish you render me
Requires nor time nor labor on thy part—

Shax: The matter standing thus, you can command
me.

Rutland: I wish to put a secret in thy head
And lock thy mouth with golden bars!
The secret is a name unknown to thee
And must not be divulged on pain of death
In payment for this privilege thus givest,
I will present thee with one thousand pounds.

Shax: An doth my carrying this monstrous load
Endanger life or limb, or—ha!—the Tower?

Rutland: Not if 'thou keepest counsel with thyself!

Shax: Prepare the oath that I may swear and sign it.

Rutland: Pray walk aside with me, my man.
(they go to far corner of room)

Southampton: A likely fellow, Bacon, what think you?

Bacon: Methinks the man might answer Rutland's
purpose:
His speech is fair, his mind seems virgin still
To the allurements of this boisterous city—
'Twere dangerous did the man not hold aloof—

Southampton: We have considered of the matter well
And Rutland doth agree with me in this
That to secure the keeping of the secret
Allurements other than of jingling coin
Must hold the man we chose in check—
That is the matter now he's laboring with
And I do hope agreement may be met—

Bacon: I have made further inquiry of Burbage
And he informs me that this Stratford man
Hath some ambition in the way of honors.

Southampton: How honors, what by that would you imply?

Bacon: Perhaps 'twas but the idle dream of fancy
That came to him upon his Stratford straw;
'Twould seem ridiculous in a city bred,
But you, milord, can understand a mind
Poetic in its nature; fed romance,
Doth harbor visions.

Southampton: And—

Bacon: He aims to be a "gentleman" by patent.

Southampton: Were he of family that could stand the test
The matter might be easily arranged—

Bacon: His mother was an Arden, and his father
A Councilman or Alderman at Stratford.

Southampton: A likely soil to set this shrub to sprout
In reasonable time a gentleman.

Bacon: No doubt they're speaking of the matter now
And by appearance of his countenance
'Twould seem the subject hath direction.

Southampton: Upon my word, he's taking Rutland by the
hand!
'Tis well, I like it much, this apt allurement,
'Tis far more potent than a threat or even
gold!

Rutland: (approaching)
'word
The thing looks well Southampton 'pon my
I have his oath, by word of mouth as yet,
But 'twill suffice for the preliminary
Parchments in regular order will be signed
Anon, that is as soon as such can be prepared—

Bacon: An with your leave I will assist the diction.

Southampton: Tell me, in short, to what have you agreed.

Rutland: Primo: Whatever plays I render to be acted
Are to bear signature split by double hyphen
Thus "Shake, (and break), then "speare,"
hyphen between,
He to allow the public to assume—mark will
assume—
That he's the author; but not to claim the
manuscript
By writ or word of mouth. In fact he is
To weave a shroud of mystery so deftly
That all the world may thing him to e author—
No word of his will ever prove it so—
Further: He's under oath to carry
The deception in face of all Blackfriars people—
Become a partner there and furnish plays
With which I shall supply him
And other details as I will have writ.

Southampton: Then you, on your part, do agree——

Rutland: To furnish him first with One Thousand
Pounds.
Then use my influence with the Queen
To press his claim to have a coat of arms.

Southampton: Ha, ha, I thought as much, I understand—

Bacon: 'Twill bind the contract faster than all gold!

Enter Lord Sidney.

Southampton: (His manner likes me not. This coming in
Ha! here is Sidney, wonder what HE wants!
So unannounced smacks of deceit.
How now, my lord, what be your pleasure?

Sidney: Pardon intrusion, good milords I came this way
Thinking to meet Lord Essex hereabouts.

Southampton: You'll find him in the green room I presume,
He went that way some twenty minutes since

Sidney: With your permission I will seek him there.
Again I beg your pardon for intrusion.

Sidney Exit.

Southampton: A near relation of milady Sidney
More's the pity; I do not like the man
He slavers o'er the foot stool of the Queen
And pushes his ambition in a manner
That creaks upon the back stairs in the dark,
Keyholes are friendly to his enterprise.
We must be careful what we are about
When such as he draws near.
I like him not—but Family! Family—O!

Rutland: Good master Bacon, go you with my man
And see about the parchment in the library;
Southampton and myself must join the ladies
But I'll be with you in a quarter hour.

All Exeunt Severally.

Re-enter Sidney.

Sidney: So Rutland hath much time to give South-
ampton.
And fifteen minutes but to spare the Queen—
And you my haughty Lord Southampton
Remember that a Sidney don't forget
You wish to marry with milady Vernon
But know not of a certain Willoughby
Who, were he minded so, might jar thy match;
I'll bring the information to thy ears
Without its source appearing.
Let me alone for getting square with thee!
I've still to know about this heavy man
Who seems to interest milords so much.
The Queen must have gossip, gossip, gossip!

Exit.

CURTAIN.

SCENE IV. Blackfriars Theatre.

Enter Two Stable Boys.

1. S. B. We're made, me boy, we'll soon be bloated peers
If this holds out with Shaxper's pretty job
We'll know not what to do with all our money!

2. S. B. I'll know what I'll do, I'll be bound, me honey—
I'll eat six good square meals each blessed day
Chew calomel between to make more room
I live to eat, just bet I know what's good

What's money good for lest it be for food!

I'll stuff as well, as much as I can stow;
But that's not all, me boy, I'd have you know
The first day that I get my little pile
I'll to the Mermaid for a good long sleep
And as I take my room I'll order Boots
To wake me when the clock strikes at sharp
six!

Why should you have him get you up so early?

An who said aught about my getting up.
I'd let him call me—but I'd answer him:
"Get out, ye dog; get out ye scurvy cur?
Why should a man with coin be bothered
Get out! I'll throw the bootjack at thy head!"

What good would all that be to ye, ye clown?

1. S. B. To let him know I was a gentleman
To sleep as long as gentlemen are wont—
To be a gentleman you've got to sleep!

2. S. B. You mean to say that gentlemen don't eat?

1. S. B. But only Thrush eggs and such dainty stuff,
You'd have to eat a peck to get enough!

'Twas mighty nice that Shaxper threw the job—

An' let us have it as he did. B' Jove!

2. S. B. Who'd think that Warwickshire grew bloods
like that!

Enter Shaxper.

Exeunt Stable Boys.

Shax: Since fate will buckle fortune on my back
To bear the burden sans my playing for it
I must have patience to endure the load.
Here hath fate stewed a pretty mess for me;
I've sold myself; am tied down hard and fast,
Tho much enlarged the field of my activity.
I am myself no more. I am another's!
And acting in his name; by oath I'm bound
Not to admit those labors in my name
Nor to deny my compilation!
Tho I have gained fulfilment of my dreams,
Have wealth to bolster up my sunken fortune,
'Tis dearly bought since I have sold myself
To be the living pen-name of an author
Who by past works hath set the town astir;
To be obliged to face my benefactors;
Sell them new plays as though they were
mine own;
'Tis a great load to bear.
Sit and make merry with the cities' wits;
Take flattery from them; congratulations;
That sound like hollow mockery to me,
And then be under oath to not admit
The point, nor yet, doing the work
To nourish seeming probability
And to be gay withal!
To strictly guard the writing of my hand
That prying eyes get not to know it—
This is a burden that would break the back
Of any ordinary mortal!
The deed is done and I have made my bed
Tho stuffed with downs, unutterably hard!
Then in the waking moments, ere sleep comes,
The gloat of that curst master wit above me
Weaving fantastic dreams!
My word is given, under oath, and signed
And, ha, I had almost forgot the wierdest
clause
That at the first infringement of my word
Myself—my flesh and bones will disappear
As if by magic—Kidnapped and murdered in
cold blood!
In manner that no living man may know
My miserable fate—!
Three separate plays have I for the approval
Of my most dear and newly gotten friends.
How to suggest the matter and explain
How I came by them—still requires invention.
Fate brought me fortune—then let fate devise
The means by which to hold it!

Enter Pembroke.

This gentleman was at Southampton House
When last I came away. Good morrow, sir.

Pemb: Good morrow master Shaxper and well met—
Milord Southampton fears that you may find
Some difficulty in the presentation
Of your first manuscript in such a manner
As to allay suspicion.
Where can I find good master Burbage now?
I would have speech with him.

Shax: He's in the house, milord, I'll go an fetch him—

Pemb: I will arrange that Burbage asks no question, When you present your manuscripts, And when you do present them, act nonchal-
antly
Using but simple speech—
Say, "there is somewhat that perchance
May interest you, Master Burbage, read it
An if it suit you and your theatre
Produce it—without recompense to me.
I owe you much and I am happy, sir,
That thus I can requite it"—Say no more.

Shax: An when he doth reply?

Pemb: Retort in commonplace. Go now and fetch him,
But do not thou return—we'll meet anon.

Exit Shax.

An if suspicion chance to fall on me
To be the author, 'twill be a simple matter to
deny!
To doubt the word of Pembroke carries death!

Enter Burbage.

Ha, master Burbage, sir I wish you well!
And beg the privilege of some words with you.

Burbage: Milord of Pembroke, sir, you do me honor
To favor such as I with your commands.

Pemb: 'Tis but to-day report made known to me
You have one Shaxper here in your employ.
He comes from Stratford up in Warwickshire.
And I have heard that he doth carry
A very weighty matter in his head.
He is a genius of peculiar order,
An will not trust himself to loose his mouth.
I ask thee, as a patron of your house,
To not be taken with astonishment
If this same man to further his ambition
Doth put **thee** on the road to fortune—
Whatever he may have to say to you.
Pry not into the working of his mind—
'Twould likely cause a hemorrhage, even death.

Burbage: 'Tis strange, I felt, since first I saw the man,
That there was somewhat back of that great
bulk.

Pemb: Well, to be short, 'tis so!
Then, further, Master Burbage, so instruct
Thy partners, Masters Heminge and Condell,
To act upon the hint I've given thee.
A failure on thy part, good Master Burbage
To follow my instructions to the word
Would cause me sorrow.

Burbage: O, rest content, commands of milord Pembroke
Are law to me and also to my partners!

Pemb: Farewell then, that was all I had to say.

Exit Pembroke.

Burbage: I always felt a strange effect come o'er me
When this fat Stratford man gave me his eye.

Enter Heminge.

Milord of Pembroke hath just left me, Hem-
inge,
And told me things that will surprise thee
much:
This lad from Warwickshire may prove a mine
If we but let the fellow have free rein.

Heminge: I've felt so ever since I spoke with him
And build great hopes upon him.

Burbage: There's something queer about him milord tells
me—
He'll stand no prying into his affairs.
And then his lordship further cautioned me,
And you and Condell also are included,
To look upon his actions and his words
As natural output of his eccentricity.
Be guarded therefore in thy speech with him
An above all, ask him no questions,
And we must not omit instructing Condell.

Heminge: 'Tis well, hsb! here comes Shaxper now.

Shax: Pray, gentlemen, a moment of your time
I have here somewhat that perchance may
please you
Read it an if it please, make use of it
Without a thought of recompense to me.

(Gives Burbage Mss.)

Much do I owe you and this opportunity
Gives me the greatest pleasure I can feel
To, in a measure, make up for your goodness!

Burbage: Why, Master Shaxper, an what have we here—
Some verses written on some pretty lady?

Heminge: Or something we can put upon the boards?

Shax: Read it, kind gentlemen, an when you've done
Judge if the manner of my thanks run straight.
I must away to meet my good friend Jonson
Who waiteth my arrival at the inn.

Exit Shax.

Burbage: Strange fellow that! what think you, Heminge?

Heminge: Let's see, what have we here that he has left.

Burbage: (opening bundle Mss.)
Phew! "A history of our gracious King
Henry the Fourth, containing also
The antics of one Falstaff."

Heminge: That sounds well—How is it arranged?

Burbage: We'll presently look into this new play.
Now, what is this "The Merry Wives of
Windsor, or Falstaff when in love."

Heminge: Another play B' Jove! what next, I wonder?

Burbage: Then here is one entitled "The History of
King Henry the Fifth. The death of Falstaff"

Heminge: An if these plays are good we've struck a
mine
Let us examine them more closely in our cham-
ber
Where Condell now is working up some
scheme.

Burbage: Strange things come out of Warwickshire,
good Heminge!

Heminge: Strange, strange——

Both Exit.

Enter Pembroke and Shaxper.

Pemb: As I was saying, Master Shaxper, mark me:
Things go as merry as a marriage bell!
'Tis well I met thee going forth—
For I had something in my doublet here
That I forgot to give thee here before.
(hands him Mss.)

Shax: Am I to read this or just turn it over
To my good playmatters at the playhouse here?

Pemb: 'Tis meant for them; but then there is no rea-
son
Why thou shouldst not peruse it at thy leisure.
Take best of care of it—I must away.

Exit Pemb.

Shax: Putting Mss. in breast of doublet)

Another one! They're coming rather fast
But then, I'm in for it, so let them come!
The more the merrier, say I, good milords!

(Enter Sidney.)

Holloh! you here again? What may he want,

Sidney: My man, has^t seen lord Pembroke here-
abouts?

Shax: That were for me to know but not to say!

Sidney: How now, sirrah! Make answer

Shax: I'll go within—an see if he is there
(aside) an this rough ape can wait till I
return ——— to-morrow!

Exit Shax.

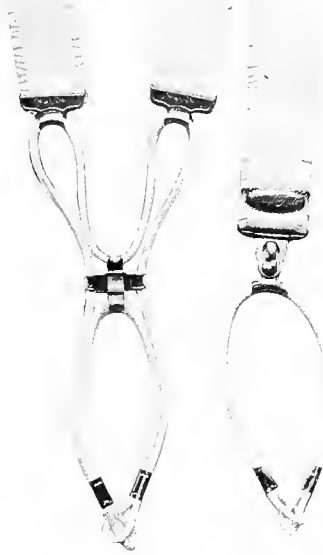
Sidney: Now what could Pembroke want around this
place
I saw him coming forth—I must discover!
I've put a flea in good Queen Bessie's ear;
An that flea feedeth more than I can serve
Voracious rascal that!
That bumpkin don't return—perhaps he wont—
All right—my man—another for my book!

Exit.

CURTAIN.

(Act Two will appear in the April issue)

WHAT SMART MEN ARE WEARING.



A Stitchless Suspender.

vogue for wearing in the afternoon or with the full-dress suit.

THE practical separable link cuff-button shown here is in reality four buttons which, when placed in the button holes, are securely held as individual buttons by the double shoe. The flat shank keeps them from twisting, so there is no danger of their dropping out when the cuff is unbuttoned. A "T" shaped lever with a flat head engages, when turned at right angles, with a socket in the opposite half of the cuff-button and so securely locks the two together. This lever has a rocker play which makes this a link button and not a rigid fastening. To open, the forefinger is inserted in the cuff, the lever turned and the halves separated.

A NOVELTY which has recently been brought out is the stitchless suspender. It is shown in the accompanying illustration. These suspenders are strictly stitchless and are of the automatic adjusting type, cord ends passing through smooth tubes. They are adjustable back and front and are made to distribute the strain of bending so as not to pull off the buttons. One of the distinctive features of the pair shown in the cut is the ruffled edge of the elastic webbing. The metal parts are of rustless brass.

THE collar shown here is a model which is intended to do away entirely with the irritation that always results from the scarf



Novel English Collar

A USEFUL device intended to lessen laundry bills is illustrated in the nearby engraving. It is formed of a sheet of transparent celluloid folded and cut to the proper shape so that it can be readily slipped over the cuff, to which it accurately conforms, and it affords protection from soiling, not only to the edge of the cuff, but also to the inside and outside surfaces as well to the depth of 1 1/4 inches. It should appeal with particular force to men who do any desk work, especially if they wear shirts with attached cuffs, and it should also be useful when traveling or motoring. The device is adjusted to the cuff without any difficulty and taken off in the fraction of a second and can be readily carried in the coat pocket if desired.

THE Frenchman's idea of the wing collar is shown in the accompanying illustration. It differs very slightly from the English collars now in popular

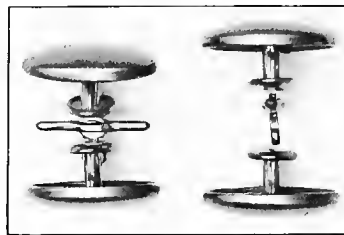


Device for Protecting the Cuffs.

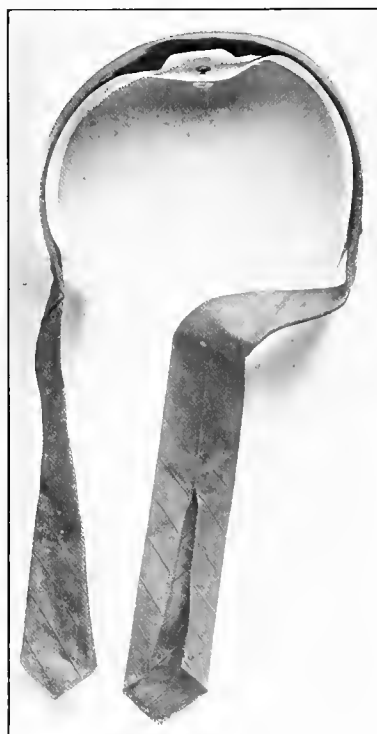
refusing to slide through when it is being tied. It is provided with a scarf protector, with a tab shield applied to the band of the collar between the folds, so that it covers the head of the back collar-button. This shield hangs loose between the folds and projects below the band, allowing easy access to the button-hole in the band after relaundering. Because of this shield the scarf should slide through the fold of the collar smoothly and permit of easy adjustment and a smooth set to the scarf, which, owing to this new shield feature, is supposed to no longer require tugging and straining to bring the ends to the required length before tying.

A NOVELTY collar combining the features of both the double fold and the wing collars comes to us from England. As shown in the accompanying illustration, the two ends of the outer fold roll back, forming a neat wing on either end. When worn tightly pulled up the effect of a wing collar is obtained, or, if the wings are folded under, of the familiar fold collar.

A NEW overcoat is made of dark Oxford cloth. It has a military protector collar, and is double breasted and closely form fitting, the double line of buttons diverging very decidedly as they extend from the waistline to the shoulder. In effect the coat suggests a surtout, as the skirts reach but a few inches below the knee and are full flaring, made additionally so, in fact, by the several inverted pleats, one in the back and one at either side, which are one of the striking features of the garment.



Separable Cuff Links.



To Facilitate Knotting the Scarf.



A French Wing

CLOTHES AND PAGANISM



hen geese one day saved the Eternal City
By their impromptu quacking of a ditty
The Senate passed a bill to introduce
A fitting God to thank—and choose a goose.

Their system of belief—the legend goes—
Was that this earth was but a suit of clothes;
The solid globe invested by the air,
With stars as buttons glittering everywhere:

The earth was very fashionably dressed;
The land, a coat; the sea, a pea-green vest.
The shores and beaches wavy, fluttering locks
That fell artistically o'er her many frocks.

As Macrocosm means the whole wide earth,
So Microcosm stands for "Man" from birth.
"Man" was declared a suit of clothes complete,
With all appurtenances from head to feet.

Man's body is the underclothes and hose;
His mind supplies the needful outer clothes.
Religion was assigned to act as cloak;
Conceit, a surtout buttoned up to choke.

Plain Honesty was symbolized by Shoes;
The Ruffled Shirt is Vanity's sly ruse;
The symbol of Man's conscience are the Breeches—
A needful comfort when the good Dame twitches.

Now, mankind being rational and erect,
Man's clothes, of course, assumed a like effect:
Doth clothes, like man, not live and move and talk?
Express its cut and beauty in its walk?

Its mien, or breeding—or the lack of it—
Is seen in front—or on the back of it.
Man don't address himself to eyes or nose
As much as to the other fellow's clothes.

Man, to reveal the beauty he possesses,
Was then compounded of two separate dresses.
One natural and one celestial suit—
This to distinguish mankind from the brute.

The natural suit to represent the body
To be arrayed in broadcloth, silk or shoddy.
Men's standing was decided by the fibre
Of clothing manufactured on the Tiber.

Find then, if you would comprehend the whole,
The Body Inside; the outside the Soul!
And this reveals to us Dame Nature's plan
To join the two in rigging up a Man.

To manage both with grace and comeliness
Requires, indeed, considerable finesse.
In order to affect a striking pose
Man places most reliance on his clothes.

